MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN Vol. 25 No. 1
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Toast the new Naughty Nineties

◆

Meet your ideal Girl-Next-Door

HOW THE HARRIER WON THE FALKLANDS AIR WAR

OVER THE WALL: A DISSIDENT DISROBES

ITALIAN SUPERBIKES ROAR BACK

PAGE THREE FAVOURITE RACHEL GARLEY

SAY 'AH': IT'S OUR DISHY DENTAL DOLLY

STEAMING BACK: SOME AMAZING AMERICAN IRONCLADS

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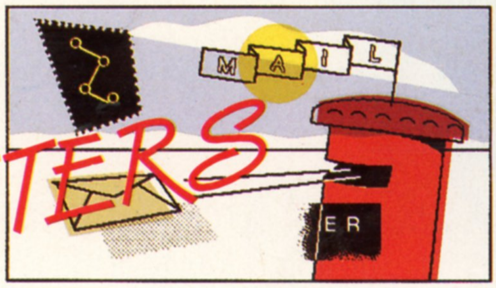


We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

A lady's view

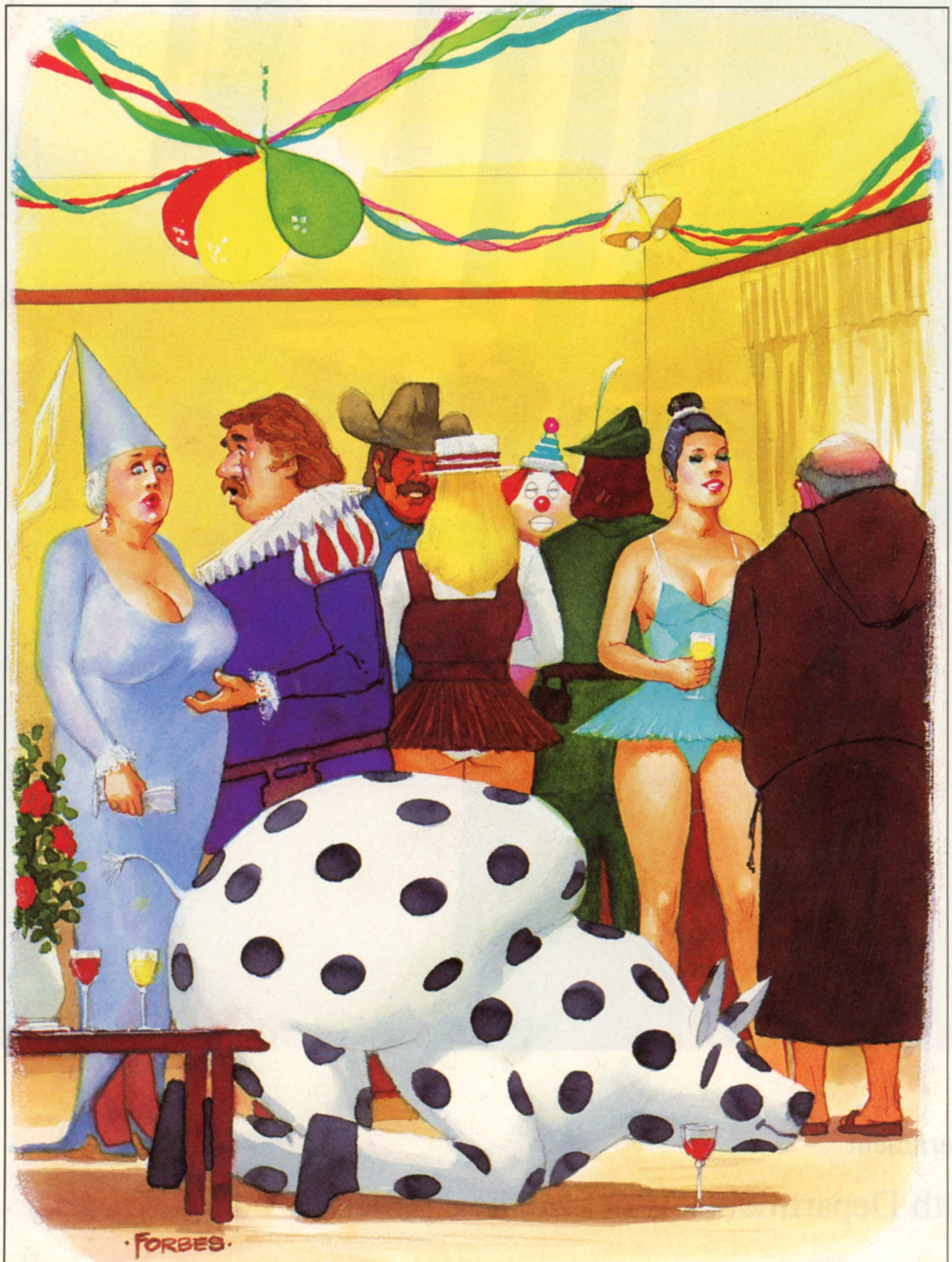
Men's magazines have taken a lot of stick in the last couple of months. Many deservedly so, but as a regular reader of *Mayfair* along with my husband, I feel particularly aggrieved at the way in which your magazine has been lumped into a category as being offensive to women.

As a couple, we are not overly broad-minded about sex, but we do get a great deal of satisfaction from this part of our relationship. Reading *Mayfair* together helps us tremendously, and we are never slow to show an issue to friends if we think there is something of interest in it for them.

Your editor actually said in one interview: 'Men like looking at women and women like looking at themselves. That may sound terrible, but there is a grain of truth in it.'

He was absolutely right. When it comes to discussing matters of sexuality, in my opinion, too many people turn the other way, afraid to show their true feelings in case of ridicule.

Mrs TE, Croydon



'Well, Sylvia did promise that she was going to see this one in with a bang.'

Works of art

I do not consider your lovely ladies as sex objects. They are, rather, special and very lovable young women. I hold them in highest regard.

To me, a woman's body is a work of art, meant to be admired. The women found in *Mayfair* could grace the walls of a museum of fine art.

PW, Silver Spring Maryland, USA

Why the fuss?

Men obviously like looking at women. I'd be worried if my husband didn't. I think many women would secretly admit to looking at pictures of their own sex — out of curiosity if nothing else. So why be all coy about it? We are living in the 20th century, and there's certainly nothing to be ashamed of in the way that *Mayfair* presents its women.

RG, Birmingham

Thanks, Mrs RG, for that. A dash of common sense is very welcome in the present climate.

On our bikes

Please can we have a photoset of Dee Ivens, the Page Three girl? It would be a real treat to see her full length and in colour, given the *Mayfair* treatment, like Maria Whittaker and Karen Brennan have been.

When are you going to feature some motorcycles? The biking features you have featured in the past have really been worth the wait.

AR, Crewe

Wait no more. We celebrate the recent renaissance of the Italian superbike on page 46.

Photographic survey

As a loyal reader of your magazine, I've always taken a great interest in the comments of fellow readers. Many of the letters featured often list readers favourite girls in numbered preference, so I thought why not do a similar list of

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MAYFAIR

incorporating King

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Page Three favourite Rachel Garley is fast approaching Maria Whittaker in the topless popularity stakes. We show why

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Powerful, easy to maintain, traction engines, are now cherished collectors' items

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Ten years ago Italian superbikes were on the skids. Not any more. We celebrate their return

CENTRE GIRL

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If a visit to the dentist still holds any fears, then console yourself with the thought that the young lady bursting out of her white coat at the reception desk might well be 38-24-36 inch Jenny Barnes. But be warned. Of Cumbrian extraction, this 23-year-old lass dislikes jealous men and, is not easily pulled

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photographers based on their photographic merits. I decided to assess all the pictures in the *Mayfair* copies I had available regardless of whether I fancied the girl or not. My percentage marks were based on such things as composition and framing.

My table of merit consists of the top 14 photographers whose work was featured at least twice in the issues I used for my survey. My results were.

1 — Michael Ancher
2 — Donald Milne
3 — Siwer Ohlsson
4 — Ed Alexander
5 — Basil Crawford-Smith
6 — John Allum
7 — Jean Rougeron
8 — Michael Moore
9 — John Patrick Burgess
10 — Roy Brewington
11 — Ulf Stjernbo
12 — Joanie Allum
13 — Allan Sass
14 — Jon Bernard

In all I assessed 32 photographers' work. It was a marathon task as you can imagine. At the end of the whole exercise, I calculated the overall average for them all together. This came to 64 per cent. Putting it another way, I heartily approve of 64 per cent of all pictures you have presented, and will continue to buy *Mayfair*.

I hope my survey will have been to some use to you, and perhaps other readers will write in with their comments on the subject too.

AY, Westcliff on Sea

Memories of Marjorie

Congratulations on your pictures of 40-year-old Shelagh Harrison in Vol 24 No 11. They were absolutely fabulous, and prove what I've always believed, that there are thousands of women between 30 and 40, and even older, who are just as sexy and desirable, and lovely to look at, as their younger sisters.

My first sexual experience, at the tender age of 18, was with a woman of 36. I met her at an office job in a spare year I had between the sixth form and university.

It was in a solicitors' office, and I found myself surrounded by a typing pool of girls in their late teens and early twenties— quite an eye-opener for someone who'd spent the last six years in a single sex school.

Being shy, as well as inexperienced, I succeeded in taking out one girl my own age, and had a pleasant time — not exactly the night of uninhibited passion I'd hoped for. The most I managed was a quick peck on the lips. I really didn't think I was going to get any further.

But then came the firm's Christmas party. Never having been to one before, I was unprepared for the amount of drink that was supplied, and the eagerness of the young staff — especially when the partners had left — to drink it!

Needless to say, I joined in, and this was when I found myself chatting to Marjorie. She was one of the partner's secretaries, a brunette woman in her mid-thirties, with a nice figure and an attractive face, though, because of her age, position in the firm, and the fact she was married. I'd never thought she would have any interest in me.

Someone had brought in a portable cassette player, people had started dancing, and Marjorie asked me if I'd like to. I was flattered, and accepted. After a couple of songs, some slower, smoochier music came on, and, rather embarrassedly, I found myself holding Marjorie as we danced.

The lights in the main office — where the party was held — had been turned down from the beginning. Now they were even lower, which was just as well, because the gentle curve of Marjorie's stomach, pressing against mine through her tight, black dress, suddenly had an unfortunate effect — an erection, which must have been extremely obvious to Marjorie, though, thank God, she didn't say anything.

I was worrying what was going to happen when the music changed, but, as soon as it drew to a close, Marjorie began to nudge me toward the door to the corridor. As the lights came up again, she drew me out the room.

When I asked her why, she looked down at my trousers, and said, 'Do you want to give the typing pool a quick thrill, then?'

There was still a noticeable bump, but I was astonished that she could be so open about it. Then she suggested I go into her office down the corridor, and have a sit until I'd cooled down. She took me, unlocked the door and came in.

Looking back, at the age of 35, I can now see I was a complete idiot

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LETTERS

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for not recognising an obvious opportunity. In fact, we both sat and chatted, even though I told her she could go back to the party, and I'd be alright on my own.

After ten minutes or so, though, she decided she would go. I got up, too, and was standing behind her as she opened the door. She asked me if I was feeling better now, I said I was. Then she grinned and said, 'That's a pity.'

There was one of those heart-stopping seconds, which I wasn't too familiar with, when when you suddenly realise a woman wants you to kiss her. A second later I did. It was quite a change from the quick peck I'd had from my 18-year-old. She was suddenly squirming against me, pushing her breasts into my chest, and bringing my erection back with a vengeance.

When we came up for air, she grinned again, and said, 'I thought you were after more than a peck on the cheek.' It took me a few seconds to work out that she'd had a blow-by-blow (or rather non-blow) account of my date with the other typist.

Then she pushed the door shut behind her, and we kissed again in semi-darkness. This time I risked bringing my hand up onto her boobs. She gasped, then pulled away, and said, 'Don't let's waste time with that.'

Then she held onto my arm, and I realised she was reaching under her dress, and pulling down her tights and knickers. When we kissed again, she pushed my hand down between her legs, and I felt my first female pubic hair, and some very warm and slippery pussy lips inside it.

But I still didn't think we were actually going to do it, until she put her hand against the bulge in my fly, and began to rub me. After a few seconds of that I knew I wouldn't last, and said so.

In the end we locked the door, spread some copy paper on the carpet, which Marjorie lay down on, then I knelt between her legs, with my trousers and pants round my ankles. She guided my over-stretched cock into its very first pussy, gasping and grunting and pulling me into her.

I'm afraid I didn't last a huge amount of time — about three strokes, I think! Then I let fly, while she clamped her legs round my bottom and squeezed me tight. Then we got dressed again. She kissed me on the cheek, and said if I ever mentioned what had happened to anyone in the office, she'd deny it. She went back to the party first, but, when I followed five minutes later, she'd gone.

I left the job soon afterwards, and the incident was never repeated, but I've never forgotten her generosity (or was it desperation!).

PH, Doncaster

Not Anita!

I could hardly believe my eyes when I opened Vol 24 No 11 and saw Hazel Collins posing in highly revealing PVC — or was it that ex-*Eastender* Anita Dobson?

The full mop of brunette hair, the same high cheek bones, full lips and glowing stare — if it wasn't Our Angie it was her twin sister. Please spill the beans, and get Anita/Hazel back soon .

EA, Bedford.

Sorry, EA, there are no beans to spill. But we agree the resemblance is remarkable.

Bad machs

I have always found *Mayfair* a most enjoyable and informative magazine, but I must correct a point in Clive Harris's feature on the Concorde *Top Machs* in Vol 24 No 11. He claims that the crash of the Russian version of Concorde — the Tu-144 — at an air show was the result of the Russians' inadequate knowledge of air intake design for its engines.

In fact, it was caused either by a compressor surge, or a disintegrating fan disc. As a result there was an engine explosion, and severe damage caused to the flight control mechanisms.

Before it was withdrawn from

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Mayfair, vol.25, no.1 (Jan 1990)
Cover:

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Toast the new Naughty Nineties
Meet your Ideal Girl-Next-Door

Cover model: Jenny Barnes | thread
Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Debbie Ratcliffe | thread
  1. post
  2. post
- Jeanette Severinsen as Angela Fowler | t
  1. post
- Jenny Barnes, GotM | thread
  1. post [partial]
  2. post [partial]
- Katerina
- Keiko Sato | thread
  1. post
  2. post
- Pauline Archibald | thread
  1. post [partial]
- Rachel Garley | thread
- Valerie Dwyer

PAULINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

LETTERS

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service, the TU-144 also became the World's fastest passenger aircraft with a top speed of 1,553 mph, against Concorde's highest, 1,354 mph.
CF, London

Kiss Me Kate

I write to express my appreciation of John Graham's excellent set of Kate Hewletson in Vol 24 No 11. Leggy, full-bosomed, full-lipped Kate has my vote as *Mayfair's* 'Girl of the Year' to date. I hope this won't be the last time we see her — indeed, if I might make a suggestion, her comments on page 38 might form the basis of a series of pictures, taking her from her daytime job as a 'mild-mannered penpusher', wearing a dark blue suit, and with her hair in a bun, to her evening role as an 'outrageous and raunchy' strippagram girl.

On a related theme, I would very much welcome a few examples of girls wearing their hair up. I have particularly fond memories of Catherine Gregson in Vol 21 No 6.
MG, Oldham, Lancs

Toeing the line

It was good to see you acknowledge your foot-loving readers in *Scene* Vol 24 No 12, but we must admit that we were extremely disappointed to see not one of your ten Yuletide girls displaying so much as a single naked foot.

We, of the Campaign to Bare Female Feet, appreciate that many of your readers love high heels, stockings etc, and the last thing we want is the extinction of senusous footwear. But we do feel that it would be perfectly possible for you to greatly increase the number of barefoot shots in the magazine without in any way affecting the interests of those who lust after the nylon-clad thigh. What's more, we can prove it with statistical evidence!

We have analysed every issue of Vol 24 and divided the girls into two categories ie 'barefoot' — shots in which at least one naked foot is visible; and 'potentially bare foot' — in which the girl is clearly posing in bare feet, but where the feet are either just disappearing off the edge of the picture, or otherwise hidden, buried in sand, for example, or under a furry rug. The number of barefoot girls out of all the models featured was five per cent. While this compares favourably with your competitors, who only average three per cent, the PBF average was 21 per cent. This means that of all the girls who posed for *Mayfair* in 1989 21 per cent were barefoot when they were photographed, yet only five per cent actually revealed their pedal nudity. The other 16 per cent was entirely wasted, due to thoughtless photography or inconsiderate picture cropping.

We think you will agree that it would require a comparatively small effort to reduce this 'wastage factor' by a large amount — and without making an iota of difference to those readers who enjoy exotic footwear.

As you can see, we are dedicated to our cause, and *Mayfair* is the only men's magazine we would consider writing to in such detail because you are the only one who will listen to what we have to say seriously.
CBFF (Mike Preston, Chairman; Jane Rumbold, Secretary; Brian Staddon; Tom Wymington; Graham Paczai)

Joys of necking

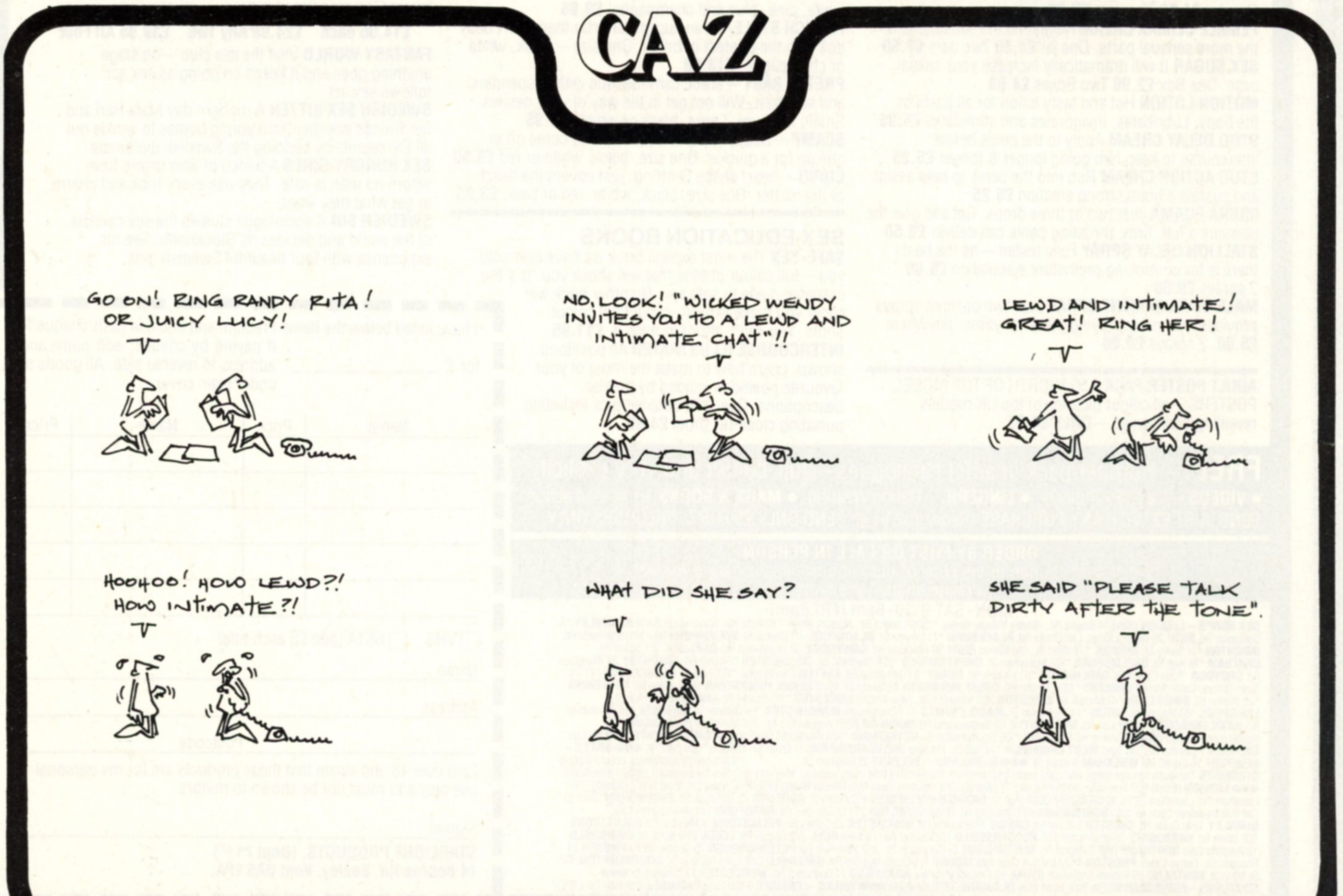
I support those readers who have asked you to show more *Mayfair* girls in their bare feet.

I also love girls with really long necks, such as Penelope McLeod (Vol 19 No 3), Mary Thornton (Vol 19 No 6), Joan Burgess (Vol 20 No 7), and Ann Louise Carter (Vol 22 No 8).

I dislike shots where the neck is covered, as with Hazel Collins in Vol 24 No 11. My favourite pose is when the girl has her head thrown right back, like Jacqui Bell on page 26 of Vol 23 No 1, so that the neck is taut and fully exposed — just begging to be kissed!

Please show more girls with beautiful, swanlike necks. If you could arrange for them to be barefoot, too — wow!
GC, Ipswich

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.


CAZ
GO ON! RING RANDY RITA! OR JUICY LUCY!
NO, LOOK! "WICKED WENDY INVITES YOU TO A LEWD AND INTIMATE CHAT"!!
LEWD AND INTIMATE! GREAT! RING HER!
HOOHOO! HOW LEWD?! HOW INTIMATE?!
WHAT DID SHE SAY?
SHE SAID "PLEASE TALK DIRTY AFTER THE TONE".

What better way to usher in Hogmanay than with our fine Celtic cutie, Pauline Archibald, the first of our New Year's Eves? It's certainly one-up on watching Andy Stewart's New Year extravaganza and hoping he'll give' *Donald Where's Your Trousers?* a miss for once. For 22-year old Miss Archibald is the genuine article, a real live Scottish lassie, born and bred in Edinburgh. This is Pauline's third year in modelling, but her first glamour modelling work. Previously she has mainly worked on local promotions for the *Daily Record* and also for the Knickerbox lingerie range, as well as for Raith Rovers football team.

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Freedom decayed

Welcome to 1990, and the last ten years of the twentieth century. The new decade enters in an oddly contrasting way.

On one side, we have the almost unbelievable rush to freedom in the countries of Eastern Europe, and where, as a footnote to history, every copy of *Mayfair* on display in West Berlin was eagerly bought by the visiting East Germans.

Meanwhile, back in Britain, the cohorts of Clare Short, the feminist MP, are courting publicity in a bid to have magazines like *Mayfair* banned from the bookshelves. It's reminiscent of the burning of books in Nazi Germany before the war.

Always beware when freedom is curtailed in the name of an 'ism', be it Communism, Capitalism, or Sexism.

Nubile neighbours

We introduce this month a new feature which reflects very much the rationale of *Mayfair*. Our 'Girl Next Door' pages will discover and display the girls you see and admire in your street and your town. They could be a next-door neighbour, or the girl whose eye you catch on Platform 4 every work-day morning. They are not the 'pedestal princesses' that are worshipped for their cool and distant beauty. They are girls of the real world, with a figure to show off and a personality to impress you. They are the girls you take to your hearts because of a cheeky grin, a shy smile, or a toss of the head. We've a bevy lined up already, but you can help others make contact with us. If you have a nubile neighbour tell her of the opportunity we're offering. Our series starts on Page 19.

Model and swimsuit merge: the October photo from Pirelli's 1973 calendar, re-touched by *Mayfair* artist Philip Castle. One of over 500 pictures from *The Pirelli Calendar Album* (see 'Pirelli prime'), detailing 25 calendar years

Pirelli prime

It was one of the marketing coups of the century — in the 1960s a little known foreign tyre manufacturer sprang to international prominence, not with some startling technical innovation, but a calendar, and a 'girlie' one at that.

Not that calendars featuring pretty, scantily clad girls were exactly new in the motor trade. But the Pirelli calendar was like no other trade calendar. Stylish, innovative and featuring some of the most stunning models it set a dazzling new standard in erotic art.

According to *The Pirelli Calendar Album* (Pavilion Books, £12.95), it 'remade the rules for showing beautiful women. Glamour in the 1960's was . . indoor, retouched, heavy with mascara. Women were offered like chocolates on velvet . . The pictures were exciting only because they broke taboos, showed or suggested what you were not supposed to see. They lost their power the first time a woman chose to show her breasts on a beach . . . The Pirelli pictures were very different, the women were to be individual and not anonymous — possible friends; you might (if very lucky) have dinner with one of them. Available is the wrong word . . but they are accessible.'

So successful did the formula become that top photographers vied to do the calendar, and models who normally wouldn't dream of becoming involved happily dropped bras and knickers.

The fact that the calendar couldn't be purchased, but was given free to clients and other suitable recipients — they included Prince Philip, Prince Andrew and the Headmaster of Repton — added to its aura of exclusivity, and a black market largely conducted through small ads in *The Times*, was soon in operation.

Twenty years on, the great days of the calendar are over — its innovative view of 'accessible' glamour taken over by magazines like *Mayfair*. But Pirelli's achievement remains undiminished.

The *Pirelli Calendar Album*, by novelist Michael Pye and designer Derek Forsyth, art director of the calendar from 1963 to 1974, tells the story from the beginning, reproducing, in over 500 colourful photographs, all the calendar shots, test shots, location pictures and several rejected for being too suggestive.

The Witch Report

How many of you are aware that 'some of today's top businessmen and women, scientists, politicians, TV personalities and leading lights in almost every profession have achieved or enhanced their success through the judicious use of magick'? Not a lot, we guess, and neither were we until it was revealed by a new book, *The Magickal Business* by David Benyacott. Billed as a 'step-by-step guide to succeeding in business through the use of magick', this 95-page volume aims to initiate the sceptical businessman into the black arts, and harness the dark forces to combat market forces.

Magick is very different from the pulling-rabbits-from-hats magic (without a k) that Paul Daniels provides, but even without a beautiful assistant to help you, your working day will take on a whole new look. You are invited to begin by writing your name in your desk diary in Malachim script (fortunately the alphabet is provided) then you start performing the rites. Slip on the ceremonial robe, the pattern for which can be found in Chapter Eight. Or if you prefer you can invoke Jupiter in the nude (or 'skyclad' in witchspeak). At least that might provide a good excuse when the MD catches you on the desk in the buff with the temp.

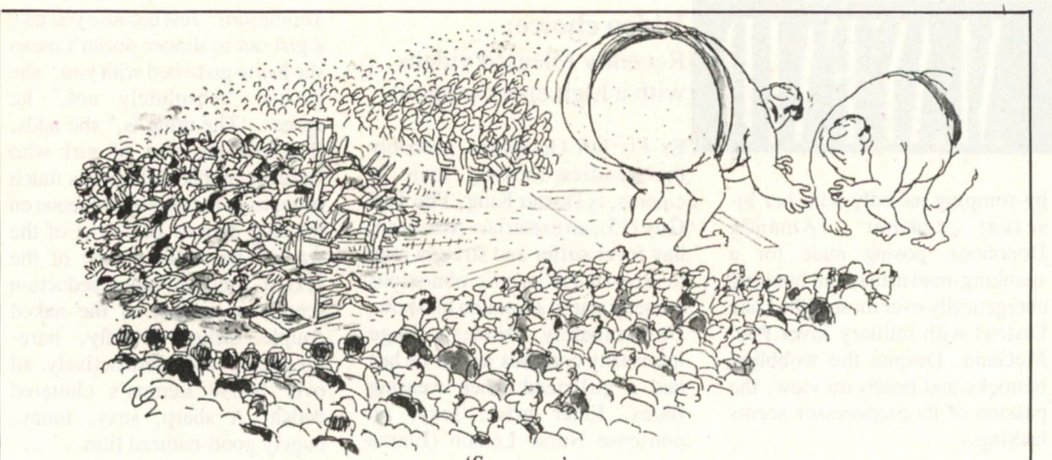
By the end of this, you should become a devil of a good businessman. If on the other hand, you're still a clerk with one or two caustic remarks about 'strange behaviour' on your personal file, the book tells us that this could be down to the influence of Uranus. The author doesn't specify whether he means sitting on it or talking through it. . .

The Magick of Business is published by the Pentacle Press priced £9.95.

Round the Benz

'Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz.
My friends have all got Porsches and I must make amends. . .'

So starts the song that echoes the feelings of a vast number of men



'So sorry.'

and women who covet Germany's superbly built range of sports and saloon cars. Well, if you can't quite afford the Mercedes 600 Pullman or 500SL sports, at least you can now look at them in a book nearly as big and heavy as the cars themselves. *Mercedes Benz: Portrait of a Legend* by Ingo Seiff is not so much a coffee table as a dining table book that needs a Merc estate car to carry it home. Inside, the history of the famous car company is detailed over 288 pages with excellent colour photos, from the Daimler Benz prototypes that date back to the start of motoring itself to today's turbocharged monsters that scream around Le Mans. Incidentally, Mercedes sporting success is owed to a gentleman who became better known for other, more notorious rallies. The first 'Silver Arrows' racing team (named after their plain silver racing colours) was suggested by a certain Adolf Hitler in 1925 — and even Mercedes don't ignore 'suggestions' from people like that. They went on to have a lot in common — both were invincible until 1938!

Mercedes Benz: Portrait of a Legend is published by MacDonald Orbis and priced £50. Expensive? Not when you consider that fifty notes won't even buy a rear-view mirror for the real thing.

A load of new cock?

Next time a hulking brute of a Hell's Angel elbows you out of the way at your local, console yourself with this thought: body size is no indication of the size of a man's precious organ. It's entirely down to heredity. In other words, if Dad and grandpa were mightily endowed, chances are you will be, too. And if not, you can always count yourself lucky you weren't born a male emperor penguin: they only have one orgasm a year.

Similar unlikely snippets about male sexual equipment, and its performance, can be gleaned from *Facts and Phalluses: Hard Facts that Stand Up for Themselves* by Alexandra Parsons, a book that can truly be said to be a lot of old cock, if not a load of balls. Did you know, for instance, that among professional people, elderly doctors have the highest rate of impotency, and elderly clergymen the lowest! That man has the largest penis of all the primates, ranging in size from one-and-a-half to a remarkable 19 inches claimed by American porno magazine star Long Dong Silver? That the average penile size for white men, according to the researcher Kinsey, just over four inches, and for black men four and a half inches? And that, in a study of 80 men, the greatest increase in size from limp to erect occurred in the man with the smallest penis (it doubled in size)?

Perhaps it's best to remember that size is always relative. Yet another American survey discovered that the biggest penis (all five and a half inches of it) belonged to the shortest man, who was only five feet seven inches tall.

Films

Gerald Cole

New releases:

The sexiest of the current crop of mainstream movies

Hard-bitten, hard-boozing investigative reporter **Tank Malling** (18) (Ray Winstone) might be the unacceptable face of Fleet Street — he's just surfaced from a trumped-up two-year gaol sentence - but he still has a sleek, wealthy American girlfriend (Marsha Hunt), who is not averse to some nude mouth-to-organ resuscitation in the shower. But 'Tank' is more interested in uncovering high level corruption, organised by self-styled moral crusader Sir Robert Knights (Peter Wyngarde), who hosts orgies for judges and chief policemen on his country estate, with the aid of a ruthless lawyer (Jason Connery) and a very nasty hitman (Glen *London's Burning* Murphy), whose hobby is Ripper-style murders (though, remarkably blood never spots his impeccable suit). When a high class prostitute (Amanda Donohoe) decides to spill the beans, Tank seizes his opportunity. It's, by turns, glum, silly, gratuitously violent and very sexy. And watch out for an early cameo by a bouncy, though fully clothed, Maria Whittaker.

* * *

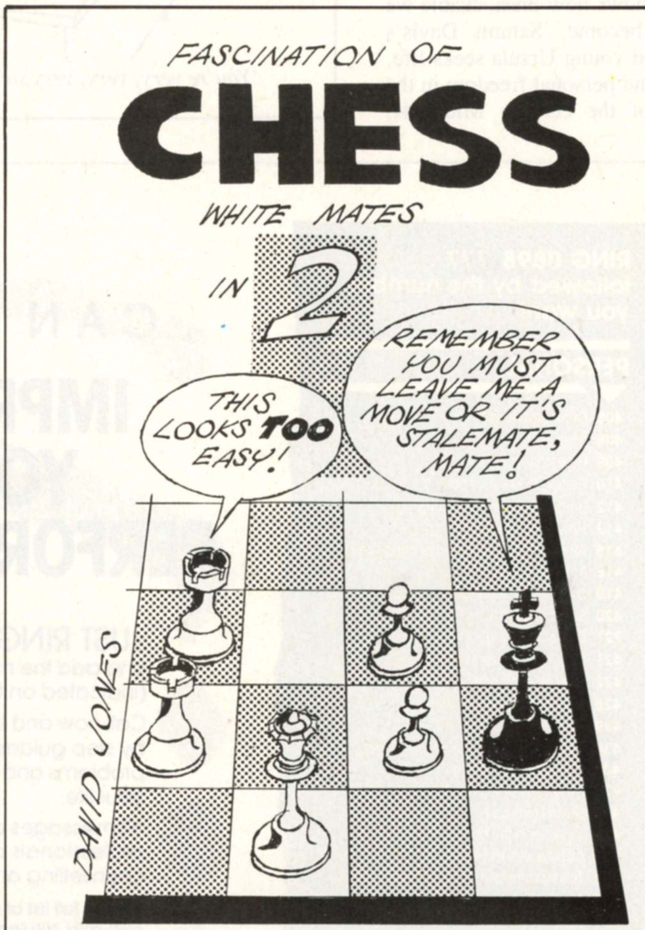
There's violence of a more refined kind in Ridley Scott's **Black Rain** (18). Tough, motorbike-riding, marginally corrupt New York detective Nick Conklin (Michael Douglas) arrests a murderous Yakuza — Japanese Mafia — renegade, delivers him to Japan, promptly loses him in Osaka (the modern-day city looking uncannily like the same director's futuristic set from *Blade Runner*) and joins forces reluctantly with a local detective (Ken Takakura) to reclaim the fugitive. Swift-paced and stylish.

* * *

For your visit to the capital:

The most arousing films on view in London's public cinemas

Two Moon Junction (18). Blonde, beautiful Southern belle


FASCINATION OF
CHESS
WHITE MATES
IN 2
THIS LOOKS TOO EASY!
REMEMBER YOU MUST LEAVE ME A MOVE OR IT'S STALEMATE, MATE!
DAVID JONES
ROOK MOVES UP ONE SQUARE (Re4), ALLOWING THE KING TO TAKE THE WHITE PAWN - HIS ONLY MOVE (K×g3), QUEEN MOVES UP THREE SQUARES (Qf4) CHECKMATE!

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

April Delongpre (Sherilyn Fenn) may be only days away from her wedding, but, when her main hobby is spying on her fiance's male friends in the shower, while nudely rubbing herself up the right way, her mind clearly isn't on marital bliss. No surprise, then, when randy, muscular carnival worker Perry (Richard Tyson) catches her eye. Suddenly he's turning up in her shower, when she just happens to be alone for the weekend in her parents' mansion, and soon the couple are filming their first bonk on the family camcorder. High class, if over-blown erotica, with fleetingly full-frontal, nudity, from the scriptwriter of *Nine and a Half Weeks.*

* * *

Nineteen years ago Ken Russell shocked with his sexually explicit adaptation of D.H. Lawrence's *Women in Love.* Now his version of the same author's **The Rainbow** (15) shows how unshockable we have become. Sammi Davis's spirited young Ursula seeks life, love and personal freedom in the turn of the century Midlands, by romping nakedly with her bi-sexual teacher (Amanda Donohoe), posing nude for a spanking-mad artist, and bonking energetically over most of the Lake District with military lover Paul McGann. Despite the wobbling buttocks and boobs on view, the passion of its predecessor seems lacking.

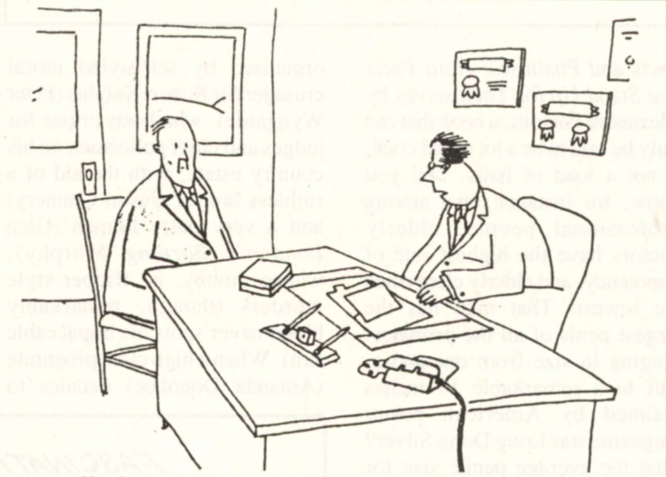
Video choice:

Recently released videos with a high erotic content

Ex-*Fly* Jeff Goldblum, probably the randiest-looking man in cinema, is Dexter King, **The Tall Guy** (15), an expatriate American, hay fever suffer and straight man to Rowan Atkinson's obnoxious comedy star in a London hit show. Unfortunately Dexter's huge inferiority complex means he last had a girlfriend when wearing flares. Enter brisk, sexy, no nonsense Nurse Lemon (Emma Thompson): 'Just because you take a girl out to dinner doesn't mean she has to go to bed with you,' she insists. 'Absolutely not,' he agrees. 'The thing is,' she adds, 'I'm not the sort of girl who believes in that. I think it's much better to go to bed with someone on the first date to get it out of the way.' The result is one of the sexiest, funniest, rudest seduction scenes on screen as the naked couple thrunge wildly, bare-breastedly and destructively all over Nurse Lemon's cluttered bedsit. A sharp, sexy, funny, hugely good-natured film.

* * *

After *Nine and a Half Weeks,* **Eleven days, Eleven Nights** (18) was not really unpredictable. Researching a book on sex, ripe blonde authoress Sarah (Jessica Moore) wordlessly seduces decent young engineer Michael (Joshua McDonald) on a New Orleans ferry by the simple expedient of unwrapping her raincoat to reveal nothing beneath. She then proceeds to drive him spare, masturbating for him on video, tying him to a pillar and licking syrup off his nipples, forcing him to wear her knickers, and generally showing as much of her own pneumatic body — with the exception of her pubic hair — as possible. Eleven out of ten for that.



'You're very, very, very sick — I like that in a patient.'

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439	Bed-wetting
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719	All about men's testicles
720	Does size matter? (for men)
737	What happens when a woman is sexually aroused
447	Guided tour of female genitals and the G-spot
448	Am I gay? (for men)
711	Am I lesbian?
449	Losing your virginity (women)
712	Losing your virginity (men)
452	Avoiding pregnancy
454	Sex during pregnancy
455	Masturbation (for men)
456	Masturbation (for women)
457	Enjoying sexual fantasies
458	Better lover (for men)
459	Better lover (for women)
460	Tightening your vagina
736	I get wind in my vagina
462	Premature ejaculation
463	Dealing with impotence
464	Orgasms (for women)
469	Questions about oral sex
472	Being a transvestite
700	Better orgasms (for men)
473	Fetishes (leather, rubber)
474	Stopping being a peeping tom
475	Stop myself flashing
471	AIDS and safer sex

Her aspiring modelling career led to her losing her full time job in a wine bar when the management tired of her taking time off for modelling assignments. But that didn't deter plucky 36-24-35 Miss Archibald one little bit. Modelling has always been her ambition, even while she was attending Edinburgh's Ainsley Park High School. 'I was always entering beauty contests,' she says, 'and I always made it through to the finals.' Unbelievably, this fine sporran body never won once. When not pursuing her modelling ambitions, Pauline can be found dancing away in Buster Browns, her favourite disco.

As a laid-back freelance who lived from cheque to cheque, it had been an amazing couple of days. He'd nearly run down a drunk, had his car stolen, and his flat broken into. But, he had met a deliciously attractive PA. Surely his luck was about to change.

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

Luck comes in threes

Fiction by Sarah Veitch

By the time I reached the features office, it would have been euphemistic to call my copy overdue. Put it this way, if it was a baby it would have been artificially induced. Which was unfortunate because Jim, the Features Editor, believed in quick and efficient birth.

Strolling along the corridors of News Incorporated, I spun myself the usual line. You know the one: 'You die if you worry, you die if you don't'. But my stomach told me you died all the sooner if you didn't eat, because your commission cheque was delayed. And, if I was lip-reading correctly, Jim's grimace as I entered his office definitely read 'delayed'. 'Ah. the late Greig Cooper,' he said.

Given that I wanted to keep on writing for him, there was no answer to that, so I handed over my copy without a word.

I knew it — knew I — was good. Everyone said so. They loved the satire, the originality, even if,

When she's out, Pauline favours 'sexy things', especially 'short, tight black skirts and boots'. But, back at home with her beloved spaniel, Bruno, she opts for 'anything comfy'. If you're particularly lucky you may spot Pauline out and about with another *Mayfair* modelling superstar — her bosom pal Kirsten Stewart, who last graced our pages in Vol 24 No 12. But you'll have to be quick for Pauline is contemplating emigrating to Australia to start a new life. Doubtless that's good news for readers Down Under, who'll be lining the quay to greet her. Somehow Bonnie Scotland just won't seem the same without her.

with all their Burberry-coated hearts, they despaired of the guy who produced it. A pre-filofax guy, me. Pre-lunchtime spritzers, pre-Next. Designerless labels everywhere: someone who wore training shoes well before trainers were ever in.

Handing over the feature, I risked a conspiratorial wink: 'This'll shake a few people up.'

Jim's grimace started on overtime.

'Let's keep the shaking up to a minimum,' he said. 'We're still getting complaints about your police brutality piece.'

When my lecture with the speaking clock ended, I sneaked in to see Kieran in Sport. As well as being mates, we'd worked together in the past, and he usually had everyone sussed.

'You'd better get your finger out,' he said. 'Jim's gunning for you.'

'So what else is new?'

'The PA in old Crowther's suite.'

Helen was her name, and, God knows, it suited her. Poetry about faces launching ships came to mind, and wouldn't quite sail away. Short, almost punkish auburn hair, which spiked softly at the crown, and splayed out to a deliciously feathery fringe. A small nose, large, curious eyes, and an intelligent, none-of-your-usual-simpering-rubbish smile.

'Helen, meet Greig,' Kieran said. 'Writes for features, freelance.'

Helen shook my hand: 'Didn't you do that police brutality piece?'

'Uh huh.' More than ever, I wished someone would remember the more literary efforts I produced. 'I work in other genres, too.' I opened my mouth to expound on them, but she was already picking up her bag. 'I'd love to hear about it, but I have to go for lunch. I'm only allowed an hour.'

'That bloody dictator, Crowther,' I said, effecting a grimace à la Jim. I hesitated. 'Listen, I haven't eaten yet. Mind if I come along?'

Helen shrugged. 'Fine by me. There's a great pizza house across the road.'

I was halfway through my deep pan Italiano, with extra everything, when it hit me: did this woman usually eat in so homespun a place, or was it the only joint within miles which could accept yours truly without a tie?

Remembering the piece I'd done on body language, I sat on my hands to let the lies come through. 'This place is fine for a cheap snack, but why not let me take you out properly tonight?'

'Yes', she said, 'I'd like that,' and she ordered some chocolate profiteroles to follow on where the main course left off.

A woman who ate lunch, instead of just toying with it, a woman with appetite, intellect, zest. Even before I stepped in the shower, I was tingling hot and cold with anticipation at the thought of our date.

A degree of sophistication, a display of artistic flair, I'd decided were probably the means of ensuring that this date was the first of many. She was more likely to fall for a man of letters than an expose-seeking, cheque-to-cheque-living hack.

We met for cocktails first, then dined at a restaurant which — had there been any money in my account — would have broken the bank.

'I'll get it,' Helen said, when the bill appeared, 'you paid for lunch.' When I demurred, she murmured about the firm's expense account, and something about the perks of the job.

Giving in gratefully, I paid the drinks — well, in her case, drink — and the taxi which brought us back for coffee to her flat.

'God, what a day!' she said, collapsing onto the settee, and kicking off her medium-heeled shoes.

'Oh, I enjoyed it,' I said, surreptitiously studying her slim, dark-stockinged feet.

'Yeah, but you don't have to work for Crowther.'

She had a point. God, what with her slightly conical breasts and soft-spiked hair, she had several points! Brain racing, I looked for ways to change the conversation to more erotic climes, but the right words were on holiday. Perhaps they were also superfluous. After all, I'd been playing the ultra-confidant type, and action was supposed to speak louder than words.

A line from a movie *The Unbearable Lightness Of Being* coming to mind, I stood up, and pulled her gently to her feet: 'Take off your clothes.'

For a second, as her lips moved towards my face, I thought Christmas had come early, but she simply pecked perfunctorily at my nose.

'Sorry, Greig, I've seen the film.'

Driving along next day, she was still on my mind, and, when the drunk staggered with unlikely speed before the car, I only just managed to swerve.

'Christ,' I said to Kieran afterwards in the pub, 'I virtually wiped the guy's arse!'

Just thinking about it made me order a second pint.

'Better make sure you don't go over the limit,' Kieran said. 'Bad luck always comes in threes.'

'Bullshit.'

But when I left the pub my car had disappeared. At the station they were sympathetic, until the desk sergeant asked my name.

'Hey, you're the guy who wrote that police brutality feature!' he said, and it was all downhill after that.

'Two pieces of bad luck down, one to go,' I said, and, if Helen didn't exactly mop my brow, she at least poured me a glass of mineral water.

'What will you do now?' she asked, as I perched, in afternoon languor, on her desk.

'Walk!' I paused. 'I'm making my way to an interview now, but I'll be home for five, if you fancy coming round for a meal . . .'

'Just the two of us?' Helen looked unconvinced. 'I wouldn't be safe!'

'I could invite Kieran and his girlfriend too.'

That was fine by her, and, a phone call later, it was arranged that we'd meet in town for a drink, then walk back to my place, buying some food at the deli en route.

As we walked up the stairs to my flat a few hours later, I was already planning the music I'd play to Helen once Kieran and Liz had gone. Some 'Roxy Music', some 'Moody Blues', and, assuming we'd had enough to drink and the mood was right, my pièce de resistance, Roberta Flack's *The First Time Ever I Saw your Face.*'

'Bastards!'

Staring at the space where the stereo had been, I thanked Christ I hadn't had the money to move into compact disc.

Helen, who had come up behind me, gasped: 'But how . . .?'

'God, what an idiot! I left my spare keys in the car.'

We looked round at the unfaded carpet where my television and video had been. 'You'd better phone the police,' Kieran said.

By the time the statement taking and making ('Didn't you write that police brutality piece?') was over, no one felt like cooking, so we shoved

turn to page 60

Introducing Your Girl Next Door

Debbie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVE EDWARDS

This, our new feature to launch 1990, is a response to our times. Some people are suggesting that to look at pictures of a pretty girl is sexist, and reduces the girl purely to a sex object. But is that in fact so? The 'girl-next-door' is a familiar concept with a new depth of meaning. To a man she is essentially a person, not an object. She is someone he wants to relate to. If the girl, in turn, likes the idea of being looked at, and volunteers, does this not imply freedom on both sides. No one is exploited. *Mayfair* becomes merely the meeting place. After all if no attractive girl sees herself in this role, the feature will fail. The potential 'girls-next-door' will soon let us know.

Luck comes in threes

continued from page 38

the quails into the thankfully not-worth-seeing fridge, and concentrated on the cheese and wine. Or, in my case, the wine. At one point, I was vaguely aware of Kieran going out, and returning with more of the same.

'My bad luck is over,' I muttered to no one in particular. 'Life should be great from now on.'

Intending to mark the hour, I glanced at my watch, nudged the bottle, and, like a bad music hall joke, the red, red wine made a beeline for Helen's suit.

Closing my eyes, I waited for the outraged scream. None came. Instead a soft voice, suggestive as a caress, murmured, 'Why don't you lick it off?'

Cautiously I opened one eyelid, and glanced at Helen, wondering where Kieran and Liz were.

'They got bored without a telly,' Helen said. 'And decided to make their own entertainment upstairs.'

She looked at me with such interest, such readiness, I knew I couldn't fail: 'Take off your clothes.' Wordlessly Helen began to unbutton her blouse.

Enticingly, gloriously naked, Helen lay on her back on the settee, whilst I straddled her, my erection gently nuzzling her thighs.

Calmly, the wine giving everything a blessedly slow-motion haze, I traced her outlines with my fingers, flattered when she began to move, excited when she began to glisten, and absolutely bloody ecstatic when she moaned.

'Lovely!' I murmured, licking her taut, pink nipples, revelling in breasts as soft to touch as her bottom was firm.

Tongue adventuring, Helen kissed me, licked me, wound her arms round my neck and eagerly lifted her hips. 'Greig . . . baby . . . put it in.'

Heart rate accelerating, I pulled back, found her hot, wet entrance by its sticky trail.

'God, you feel nice!' I said, sliding into her, feeling her open to receive me, all murmurs and white liquid heat.

'You, too,' she gasped, moving towards me, writhing as I found her clitoris.

Suddenly she stiffened, her orgasm approaching, her breathing hard and fast.

'Yes . . . baby, do it . . . just like that . . .' Tensing, yelling, the heat under my fingers spreading to embrace the wet.

My own orgasm approaching, I clutched her breasts, felt her nipples graze my palm. Thrusting harder, I raised my head and noticed the space where my stereo had been. Then my balls contracted into an exquisite come, and pleasure upon pleasure followed. Gasping, I collapsed over Helen's still-perspiring form: 'Now that's what I call music!'

Later, stirred by much moaning from upstairs, we came together again, lying face to face on the rug.

'I want to look at your breasts, your nipples . . .' I said, stroking each in turn, loving the way they hardened beneath my hands.

Helen smiled. 'I want to look at you, too', touching me, making me large again, full of thrusting need.

'Fuck me hard,' she said, raising herself onto my knees, and sheathing herself round my cock, 'I want it rough.'

'Sure — we freelances can turn our hand to anything.'

So saying, I pulled her closer, and we rolled over, giggling, until I was on top. Pushing her knees up to her chest, I slid in all the way.

'Jesus, Greig, that's brilliant!' Helen said, her fingers raking the tangles from my hair. The wine, the euphoria burgeoning, I felt powerful, knew I could make her come again and again: 'You ain't seen nothing yet.'

Mid-reply, Helen began to tense in on me, and seconds later she climaxed with loud, gutteral cries. Then I followed suit, and we curled close as kittens, and fell into a sweat-slicked and limb-tangled sleep.

Hours later I awoke to find a still-naked Helen carrying a tray. 'I got hungry,' she explained. Kneeling, she handed me chunk after chunk of granary loaf and brie.

'Better?' Helen asked, as I cleared my plate.

'Not really.'

'You can't *still* be hungry?' Her eyebrows rose to meet her tousled fringe.

'Depends what you mean by hungry!'

'Oh oh!' she grinned her wide, impish grin. 'I think I can tell what's coming — a loaf of bread, a glass of wine and thou?'

'Especially thou.'

Aware that I'd spent too much time at the word processor, that I'd been out of commission too long, I pulled her unresisting into my lap, licked the crumbs from her face: 'Now for dessert!'

Opening her mouth to say something, Helen promptly shut it again, as my lips sought her *mons*, and, as my tongue teased her labia, her eyelids closed in the fast-becoming-familiar expression of desire.

Throbbing, priapic, I moved back to straddle her, fingering the hot, wet dark, until her excitement pulsed like mine.

'Bad luck,' I murmured, burying myself in her, 'isn't the only thing that comes in threes!'

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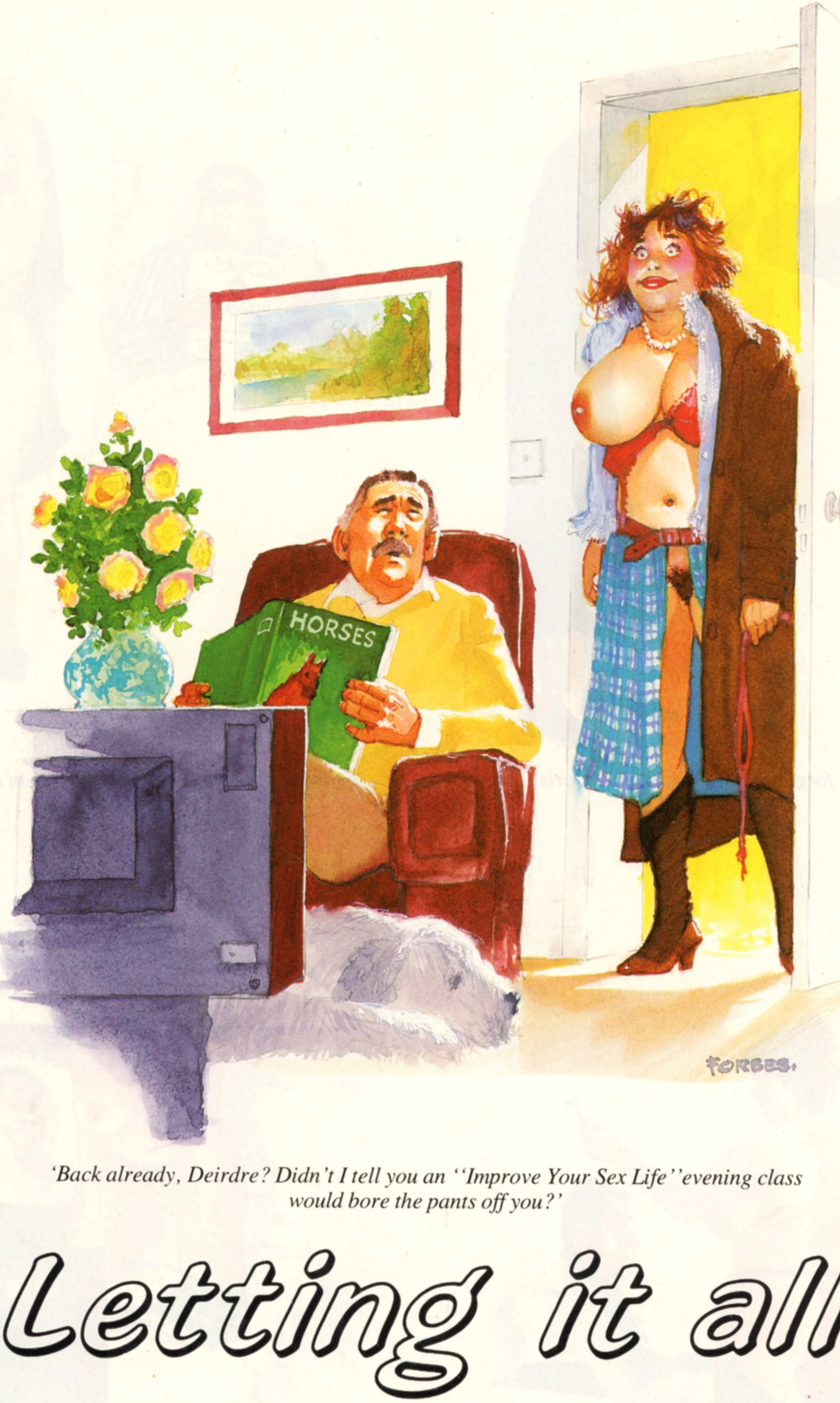


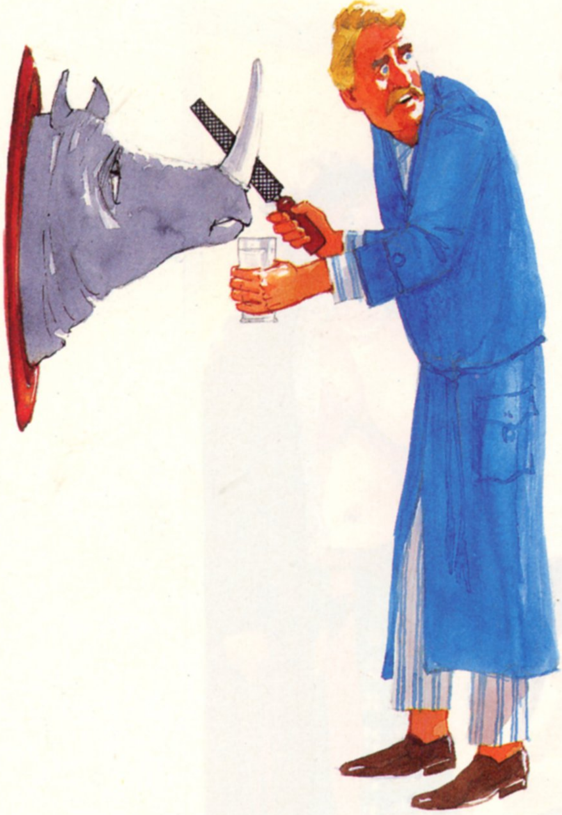
'Back already, Deirdre? Didn't I tell you an ''Improve Your Sex Life'' evening class would bore the pants off you?'

Letting it all hang up

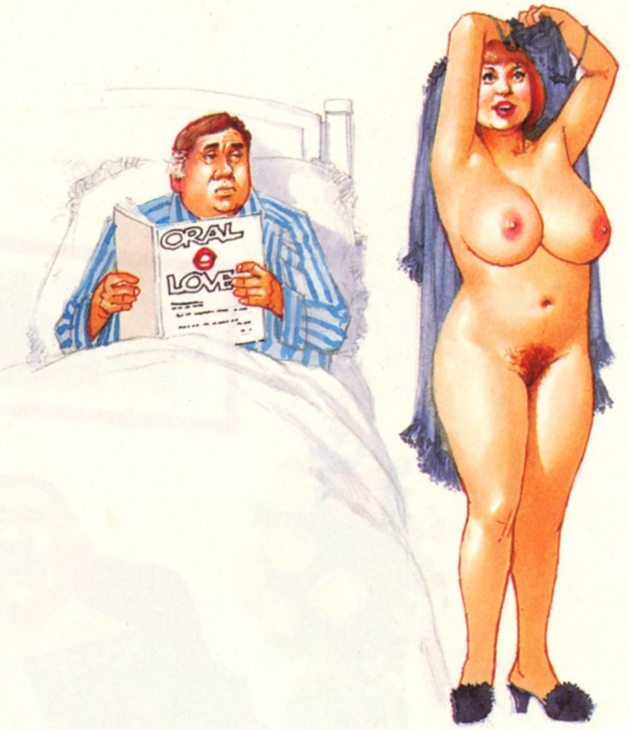
Unless you have hourly orgasms, and perform like an acrobat, some sex manuals imply, you're missing out. Brian Forbes believes some de-bonking is due

Most men will instantly understand and appreciate the concept of the 'girl-next-door.' She may not be a sophisticated model who would grace a catwalk, nor have a bust measurement to astonish Page 3. But she will be a girl of natural charm and beauty with her own endearing qualities that make her a special person. She represents sex-appeal with real-life personality, and style.

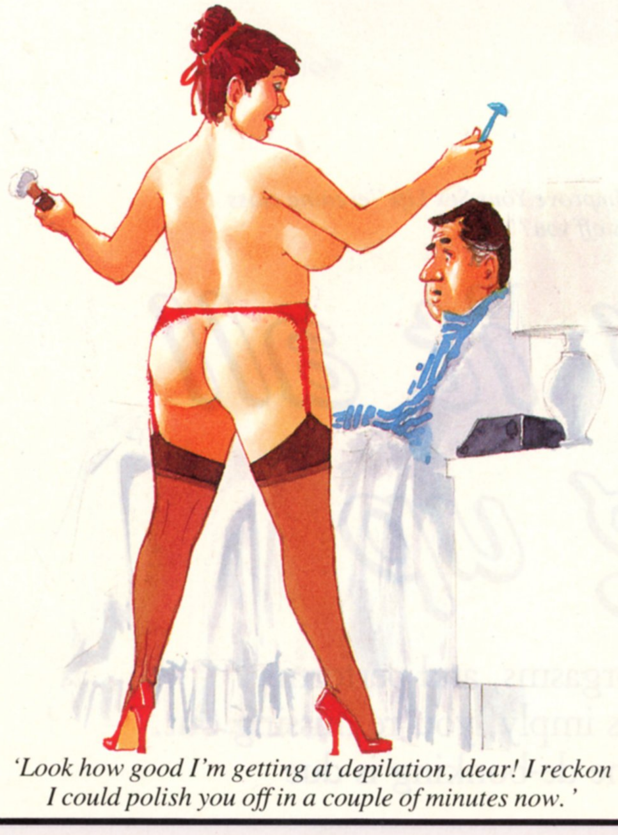
Such is the case of 27-year-old nurse Debbie Ratcliffe who lives in the small Leicestershire village of Blaby, five miles outside Leicester. She had been spotted by a local man from the neighbouring village of Cosby. 'Martin had seen me around the village a few times, and we always said hello to each other when we passed. Then one day he suggested that I might like to try modelling, and recommended Dave.'



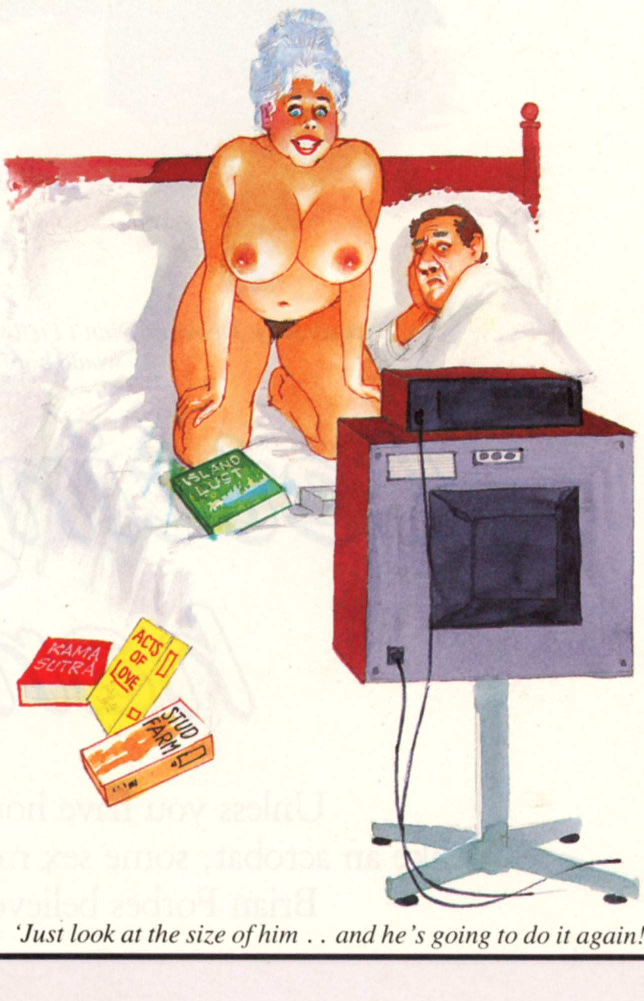
'No, I haven't forgotten your warm milk, Doris . .'



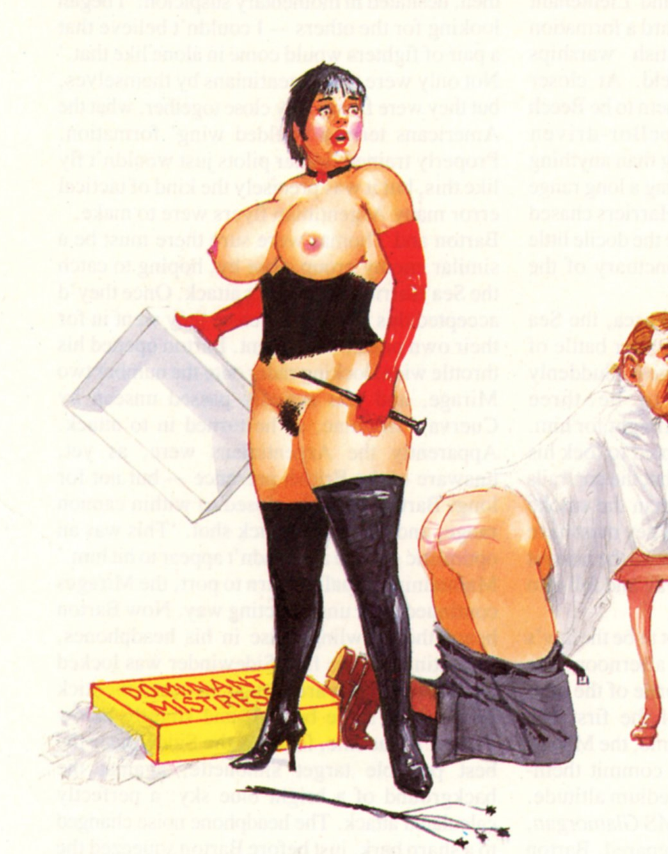
'Fellatio? Isn't that some kind of Italian ice cream, Humphrey?'



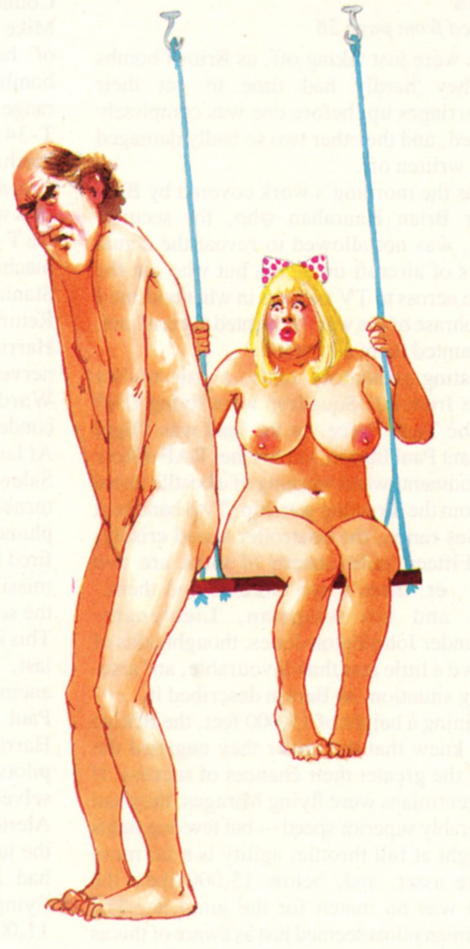
'Look how good I'm getting at depilation, dear! I reckon I could polish you off in a couple of minutes now.'


ISLAND LUST
KAMA SUTRA
ACTS OF LOVE
STUD FARM

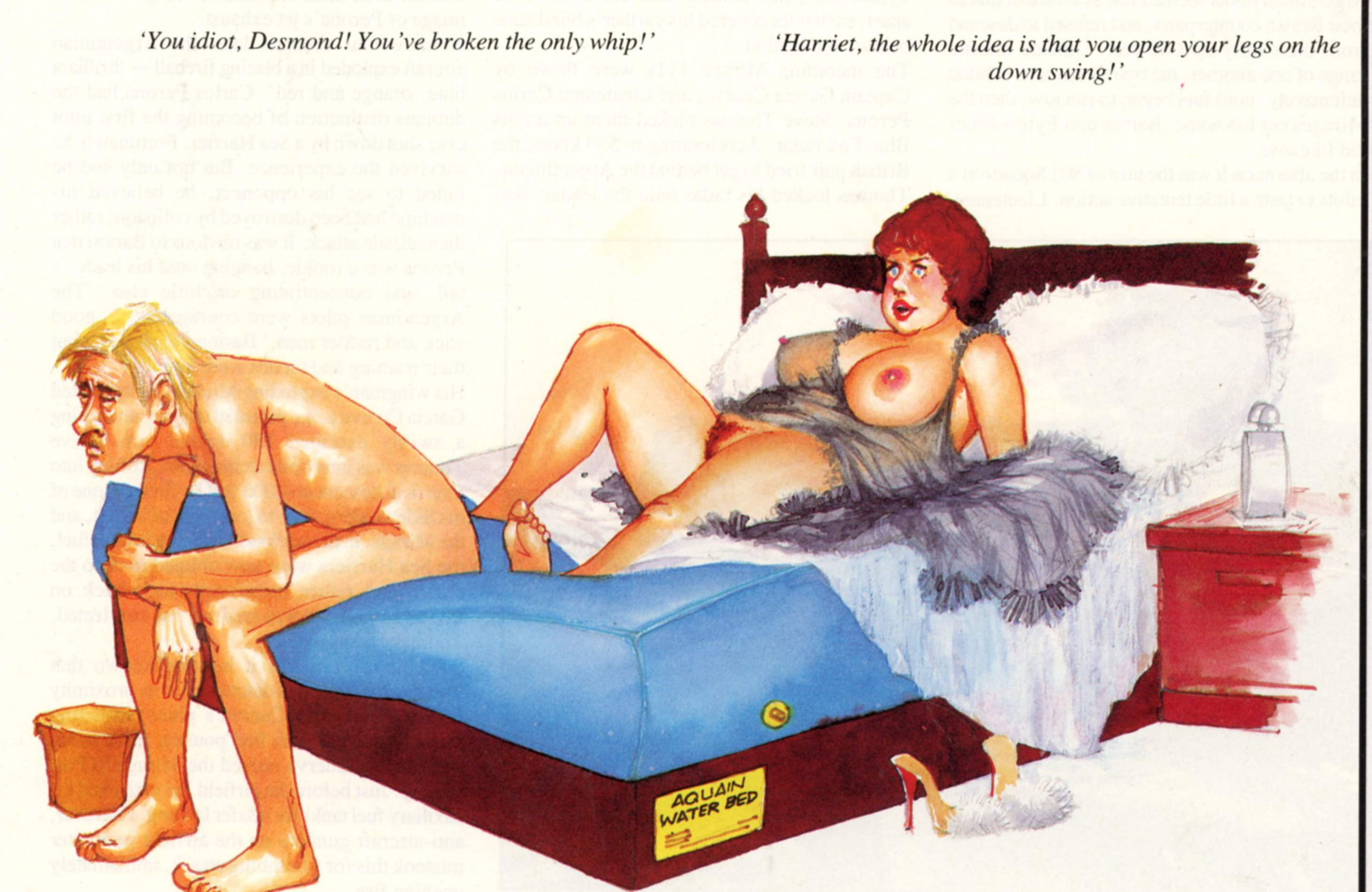
'Just look at the size of him . . and he's going to do it again!'


DOMINANT MISTRESS

'You idiot, Desmond! You've broken the only whip!'



'Harriet, the whole idea is that you open your legs on the down swing!'

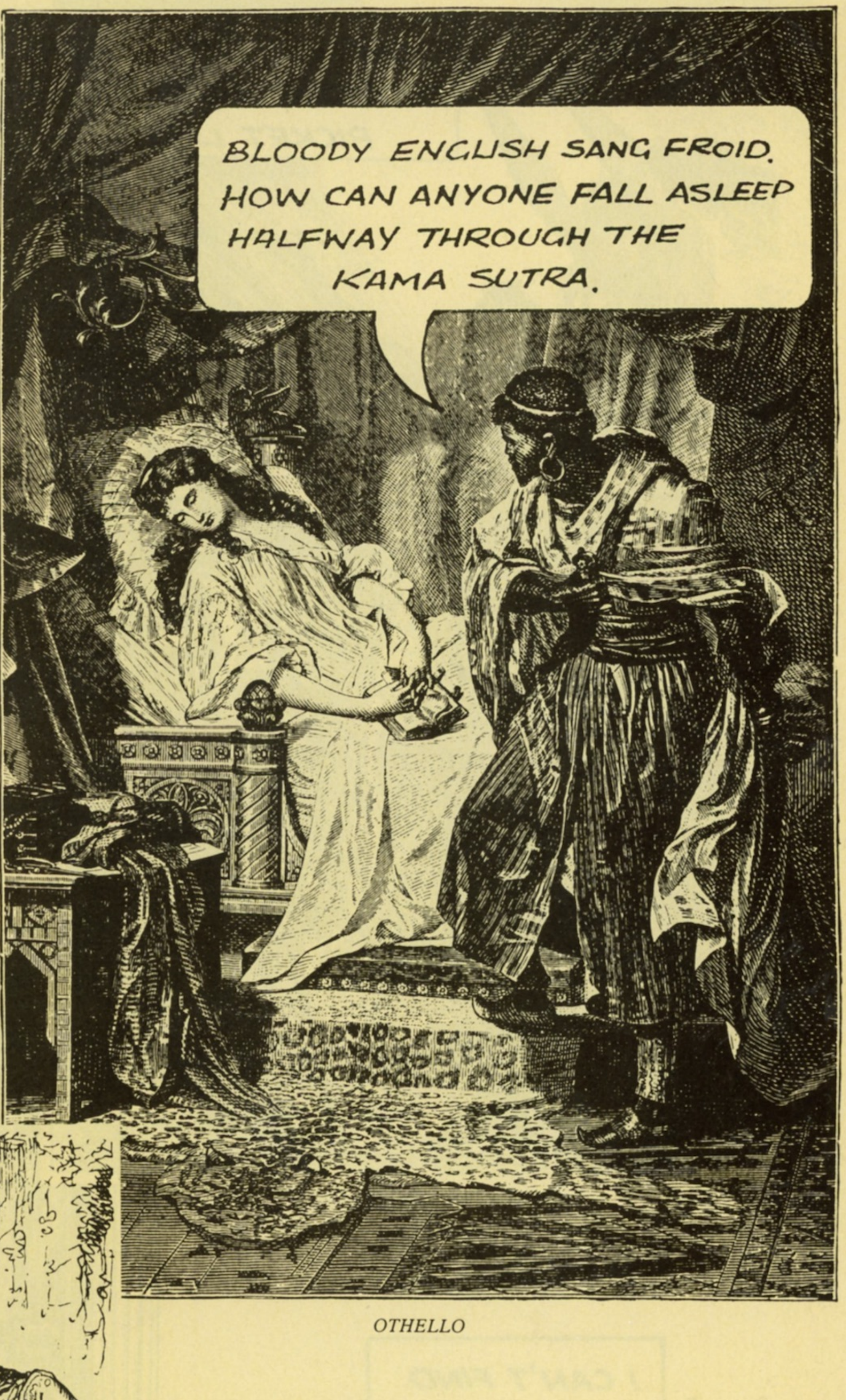

AQUAIN WATER BED

'This is a fine time to find out you get sea-sick!'

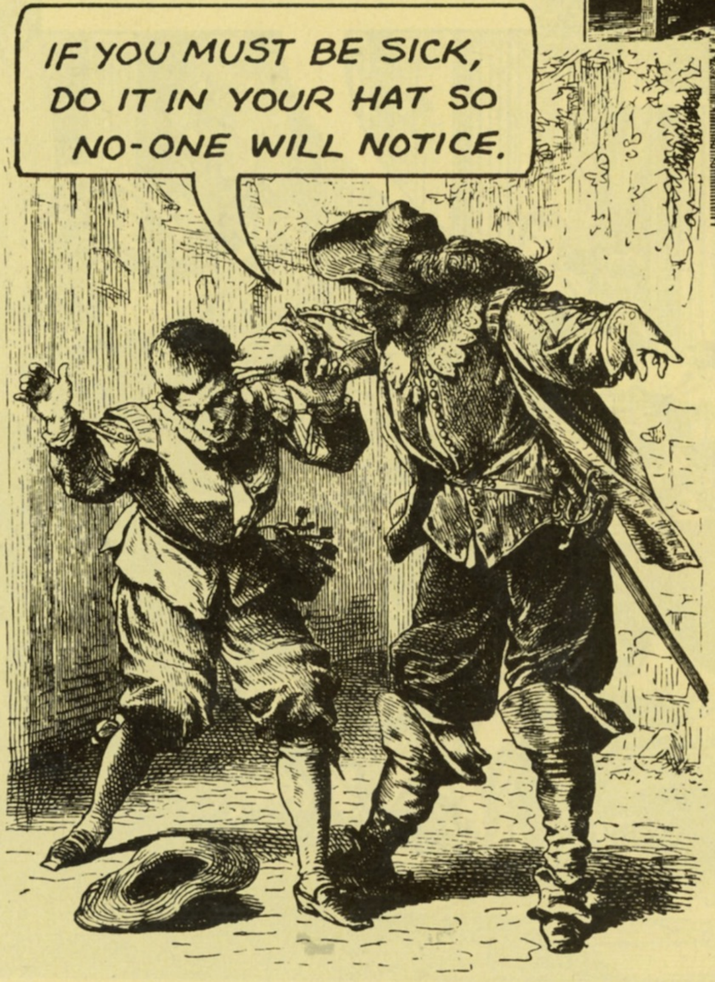
'I'm no Kirsten Stewart, but I think I actually look quite good. The only embarrassing moment came when your interviewer asked me for my vital statistics. I didn't know them, so I had to rush around the house looking for a tape measure,' Debbie laughs. 'Eventually I found one, and hastily wrapped it round the bits you're supposed to. Do you think 34-22-34 inches sounds right? I'll just have to ask my friends and neighbours, I think they have been guessing amongst themselves for years.' Away from work, Debbie, not surprisingly, is very much a country girl at heart.' 'I'm more at home scuba-diving and water-skiing at Stoney Cove, a local gravel pit not far from my home.' She left nearby Bosworth College when she was sixteen, and went straight into nursing. 'I'm now a fully qualified SRN. I love the profession, and working with people less fortunate than me really keeps my feet on the ground. I'll never be a millionaire, but at least I'll be happy. Sounds a bit boring compared to some of the exotic girls you have in your magazine, but that's me. I'm not going to set the modelling world alight, but its been great fun.'

Are you the 'girl-next-door' who attracts admiring glances from passers-by? Would you like to pose for glamour pictures, but think magazines like *Mayfair* are exclusively for full-time professional models? Then your dream could come true. Send a photograph of yourself to *Mayfair* Girl-next-Door, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA, and we'll consider you for a suitable photo-session.

From Bard to worse

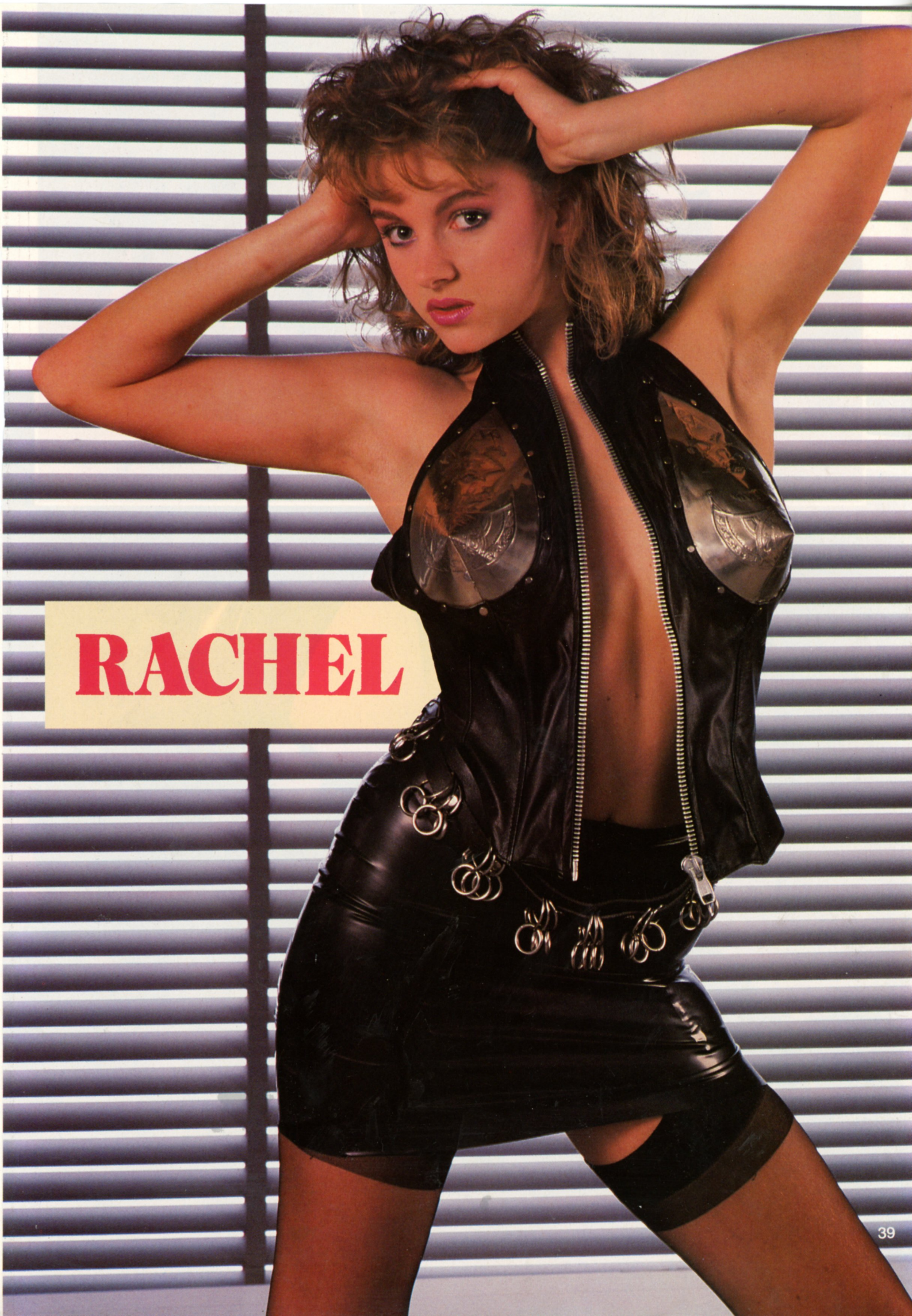

BLOODY ENGLISH SANG FROID. HOW CAN ANYONE FALL ASLEEP HALFWAY THROUGH THE KAMA SUTRA.

OTHELLO

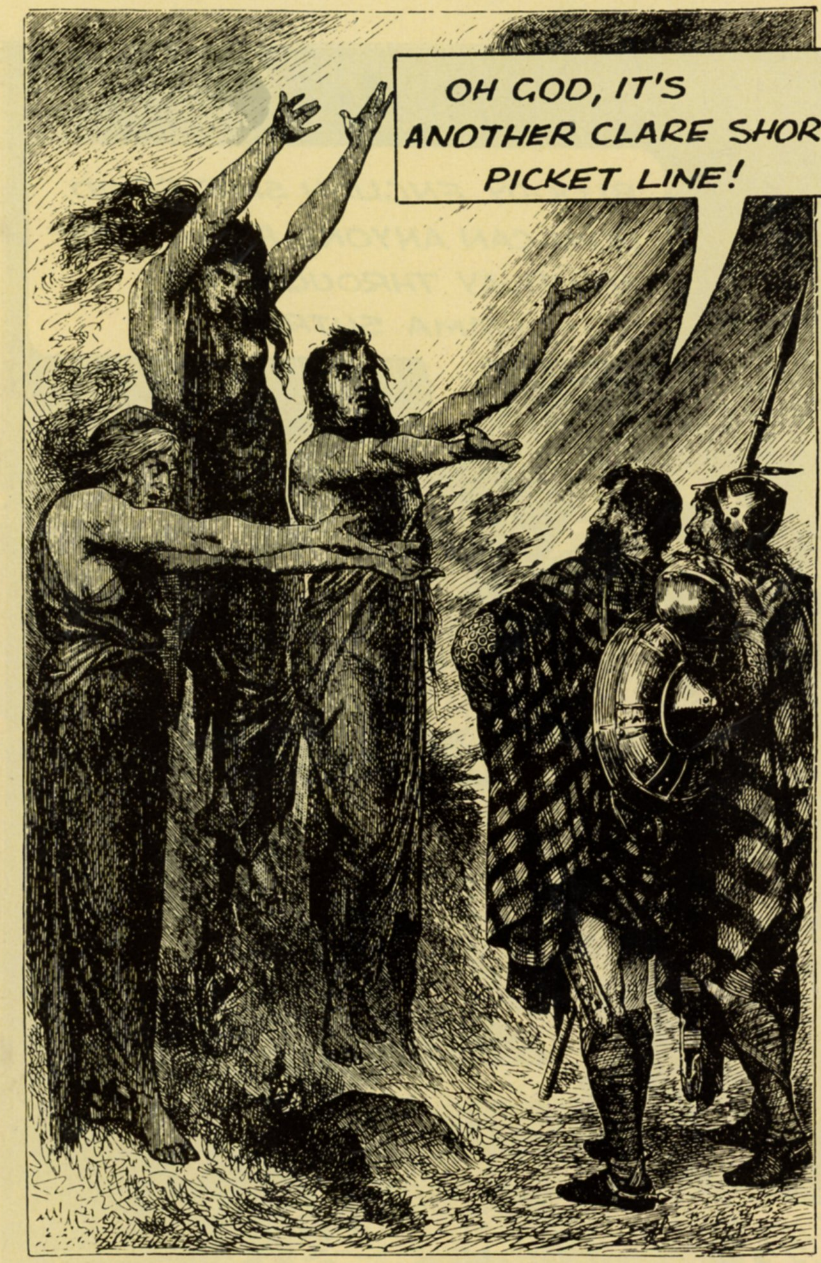

IF YOU MUST BE SICK, DO IT IN YOUR HAT SO NO-ONE WILL NOTICE.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

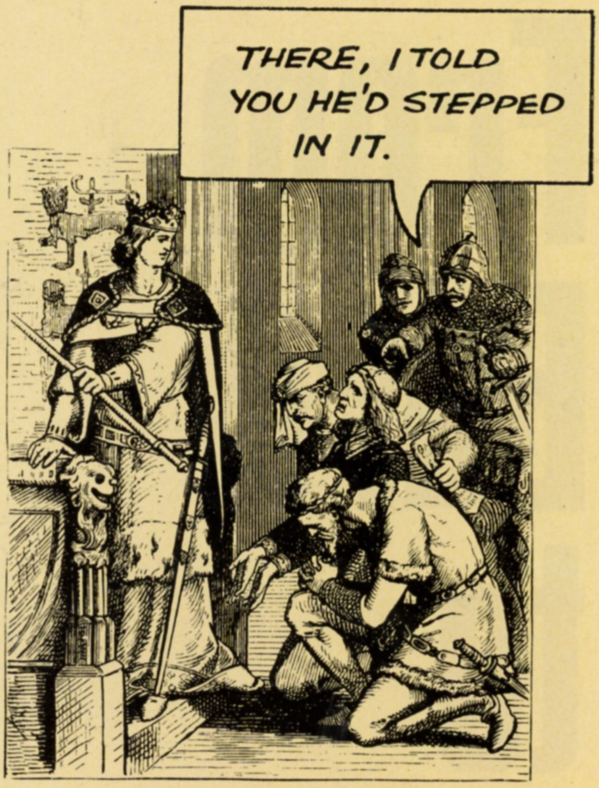
When a complete works of Shakespeare, boasting some highly dramatic Victorian illustrations, fell into our hands recently, the urge to re-write the captions in our own inimitable style became irresistible. We present the Mayfair Illustrated Shakespeare (text removed to save the Bard's blushes)



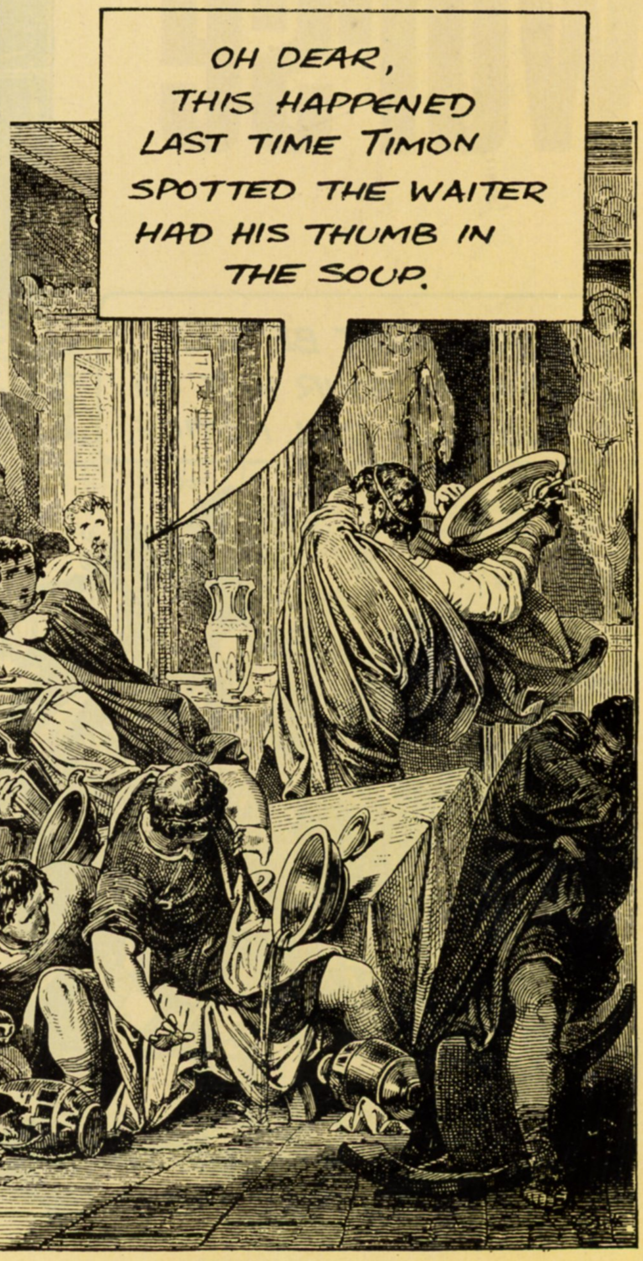
RACHEL


OH GOD, IT'S ANOTHER CLARE SHORT PICKET LINE!

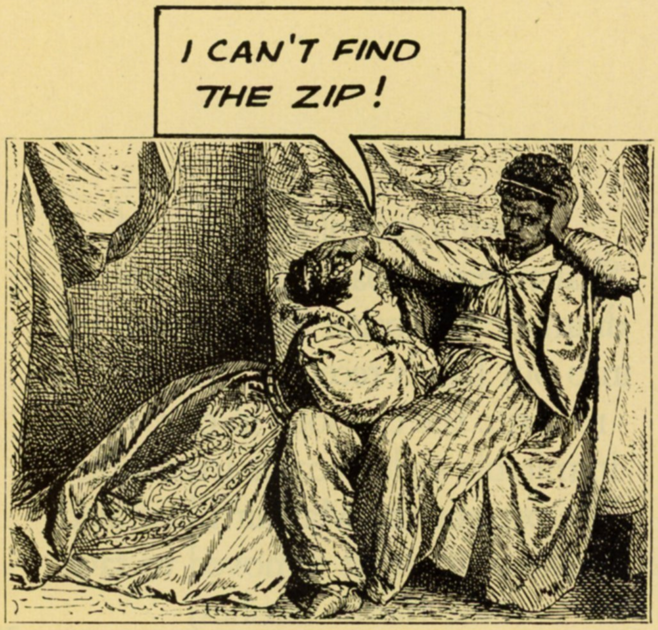
MACBETH


THERE, I TOLD YOU HE'D STEPPED IN IT.

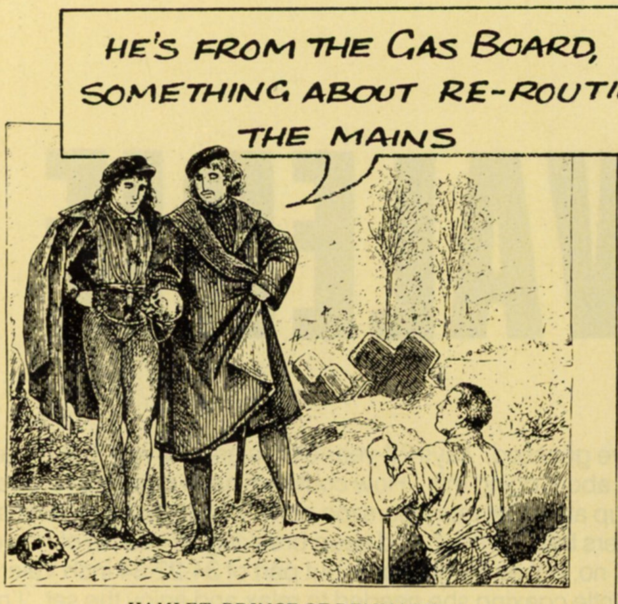
KING HENRY V


OH DEAR, THIS HAPPENED LAST TIME TIMON SPOTTED THE WAITER HAD HIS THUMB IN THE SOUP.

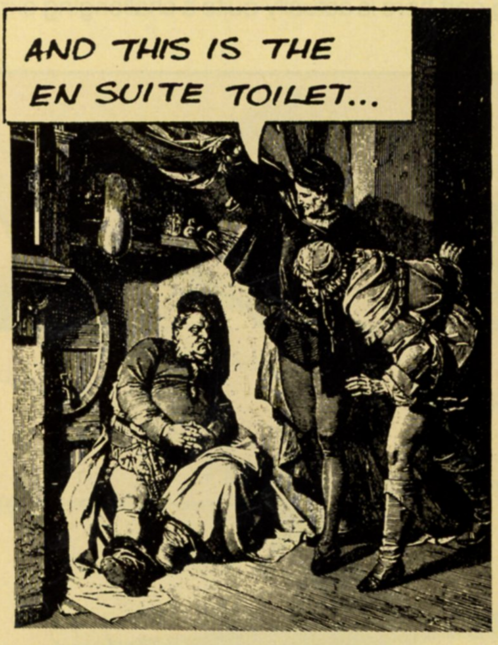
TIMON OF ATHENS


I CAN'T FIND THE ZIP!

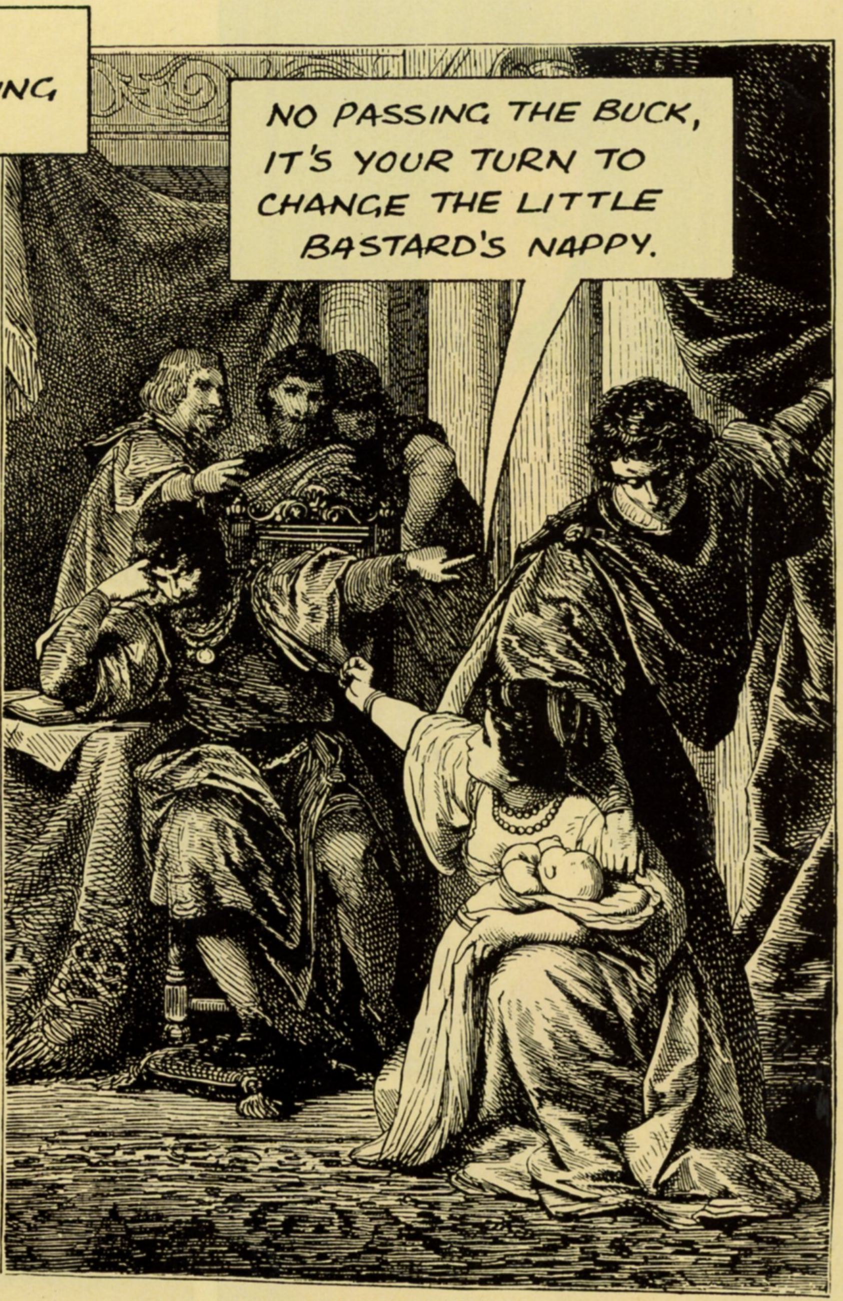
OTHELLO


HE'S FROM THE GAS BOARD, SOMETHING ABOUT RE-ROUTING THE MAINS

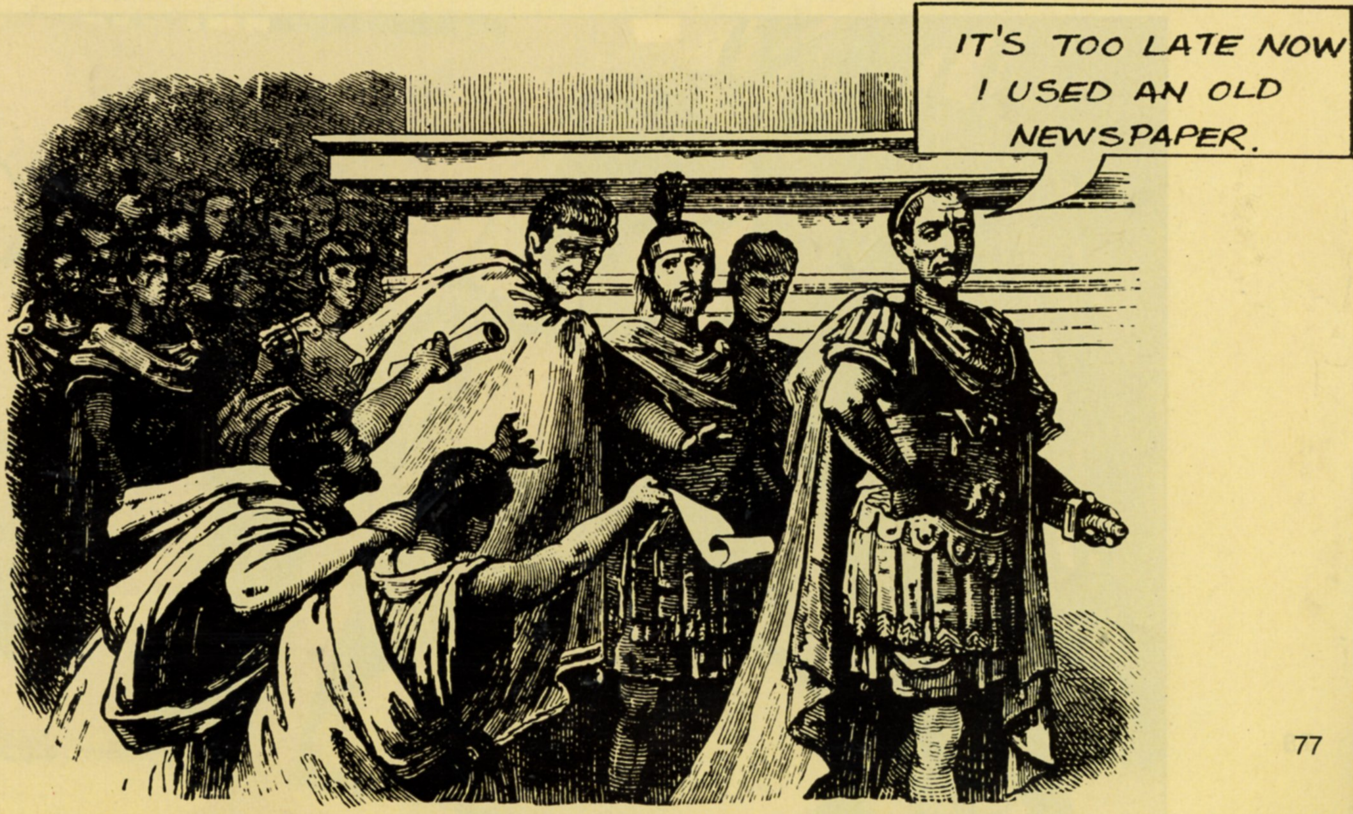
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK


AND THIS IS THE EN SUITE TOILET...

HENRY IV, PART 1


NO PASSING THE BUCK, IT'S YOUR TURN TO CHANGE THE LITTLE BASTARD'S NAPPY.

THE WINTER'S TALE


IT'S TOO LATE NOW I USED AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

JULIUS CAESAR

There's something about leather that makes it the fashionable fetish, socially acceptable yet with an amazing erotic charge. Even the briefest survey of an average collection of reader's letters will testify to its impact. If you add to that the charismatic presence of Page Three favourite Rachel Garley, then you obviously have a dynamite combination. The sensuous allure of leather can enhance even the appeal of ravishing Rachel, making this a memorable addition to the scrapbooks of this French-born beauty's many fans. But Rachel's commitment to her modelling work shines out, regardless of the trimmings that surround her.

Red and raw, Italian bikes once sold worldwide, but after a market slump famous names like Bimota, Moto Guzzi and Ducati almost disappeared forever. Now with new investment and ideas, the bikes are back, bigger and brasher than ever before

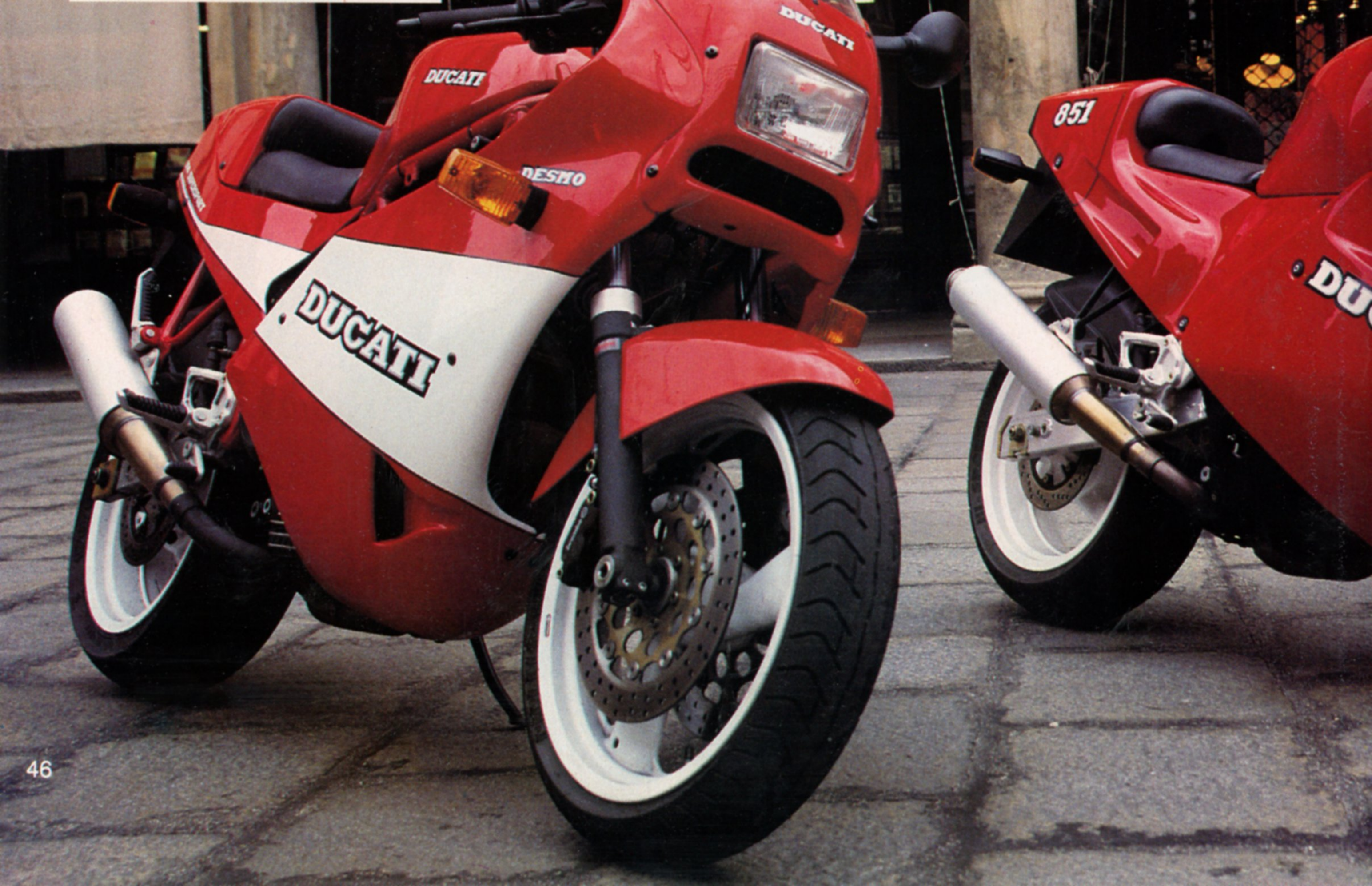
THE ITALIAN JOBS

Photographed by David Goldman

DUCATI
DESMO
DUCATI

Italy's bikes have traditionally been like its cars — fast, red and exciting, but in recent years their motorcycle industry has been going through difficult times. Two of the three most famous and important firms, Ducati and Bimota, very nearly went out of business altogether, and a third, Moto Guzzi, were suffering from investment problems, with a range of bikes that did not compare to the great machines they had produced in the past.

In the last couple of years, the situation has changed. Ducati, the most prestigious of all, the two-wheeled equivalent of Ferrari, was a government-owned company faltering steadily



It looks like 1990 will be another great year for 20-year old Rachel. Last year saw her firmly established on the Page Three scene, with her every adventure recorded by the hacks of Wapping, especially her penchant for Chinese food (her 36-24-36 figure making her one chicken and sweetcorn soup and a double helping of Peking duck in takeaway terms). Unlike many of her modelling contemporaries, Rachel has rejected the nightclubbing scene in favour of staying at home knitting. 'I find it really very relaxing', she says.

Main picture: On the left, the 900 Supersport. Standing next to it, the 851cc Superbike. Clockwise far top left to bottom right: The Superbike has four valves per cylinder. With its sporty features, the Supersport costs £7,000. The Superbike in action, and below a rear side-on view of both models.

bimota
YB6 1000
exup
bimota

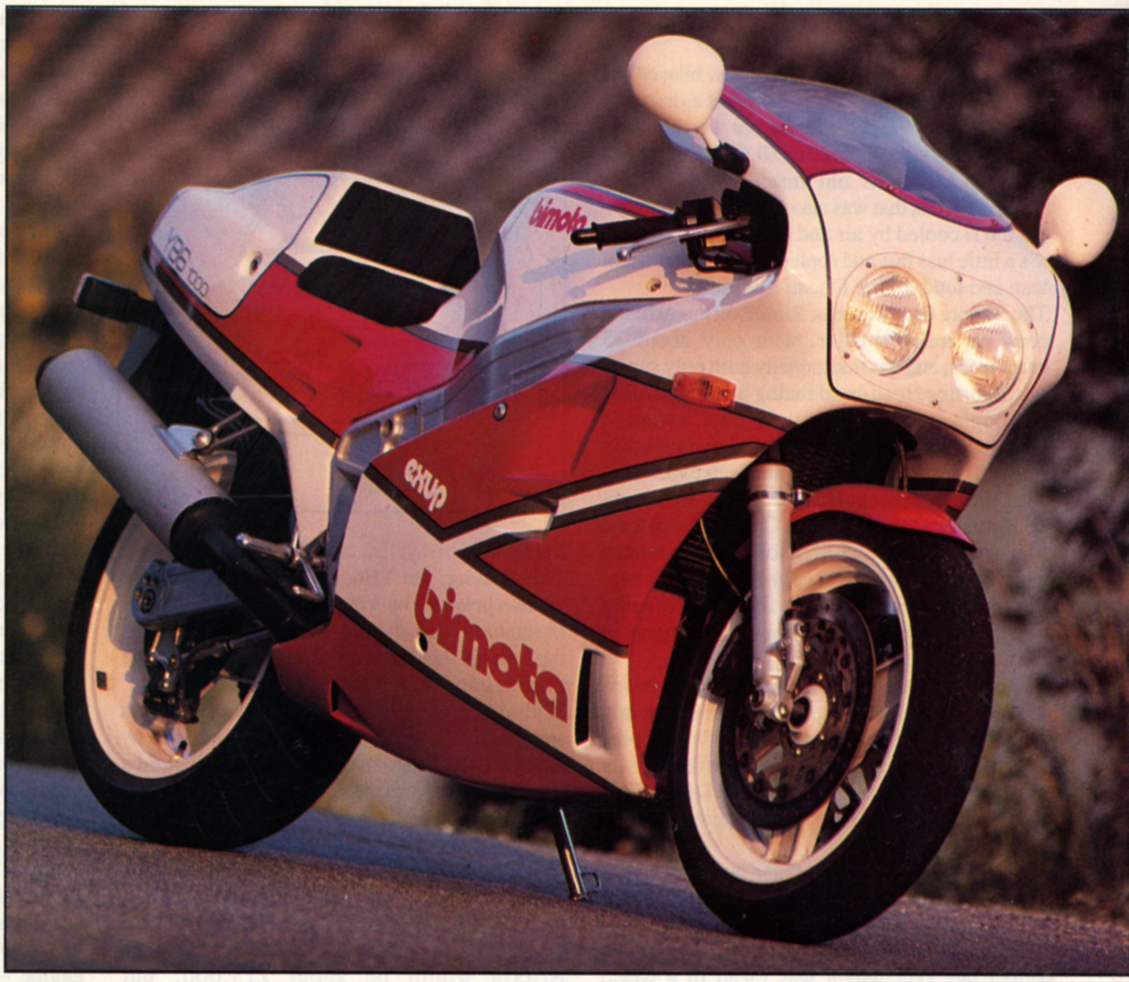
until it was bought by a go-ahead firm called Cagiva. The new owners have slowed the decline, invested in new bikes and new ideas, and begun to turn round the company's fortunes.

Ducati is now building faster and better bikes than ever before, still with the thundering V-twin engines that Ducati have traditionally used. In Britain the position has changed equally dramatically.

Last year the revival was completed with the launch of the long-awaited 851cc Superbike, whose sophisticated watercooled engine (still a V-twin) with four valves per cylinder brought the firm into a new age. But the new bike had its problems, and it is only with this year's updated

Targa 750
MOTO GUZZI

One of Rachel's oddest roles last year was as the Riddler, arch-enemy of Batman, in *The Sun's* series of Batgirls, complete with pointed mask, large cloak, and a question mark printed on her forehead. But there has been no question mark over the rest of her career, with modelling assignments taking her as far afield as Mexico, the Bahamas and Italy. She enjoys her life as a top model, but if, the right man came along, she'd settle down. For now, though, her affection is only for her spaniel, Emma.



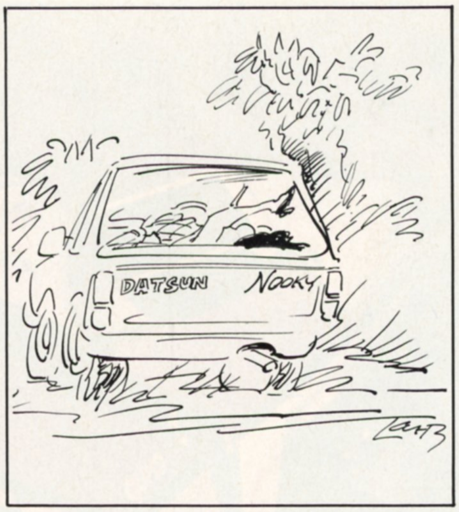
Main picture: The Targa 750cc sports bike. Built by Moto Guzzi, this £5,000 machine is one of the latest Guzzi models. It has the stylish looks of the famous 1,000cc Le Mans, but with a smaller chassis. Top left to bottom right: A YB6 Bimota with a big-bore 1,000cc engine. A close-up view of the silver and gold wheel of the model. Pictured again, the YB6 Bimota has every part fitted by carefully trained technicians who build each bike individually. Two more detailed shots of the Targa. On the left the controls of the bike. Next to it, the rear wheel of the machine.

851 that Ducati have finally produced a modern 150mph masterpiece.

The other Ducati is a completely new bike called the 900 Supersport. This is intended as a sporty but slightly cheaper alternative to the 851, costing £6,995 compared to £8,995, and has its roots in a famous old machine of the late '70s/early '80s that was also called the 900SS. Its engine is cooled by air and oil instead of water, it's a little less fast and sophisticated, but it's still lean and loud in true Ducati tradition.

The Bimota firm, based at Rimini on the Adriatic coast, is much smaller, with only about 35 employees, and has traditionally built only super-fast, sporting, road-legal racing bikes consisting of bought-in engines in their own advanced chassis. Their bikes have always been superbly finished, beautifully detailed and very expensive. That did not prevent Bimota, too, very nearly going under a few years ago. Only the help of the Italian government which allowed the company to carry on trading under certain conditions kept them afloat after getting into financial difficulty when the bike market collapsed after its peak in the early 1980s.

Bimota's bikes had tradionally been based around four-cylinder Japanese engines, mostly from Kawasaki, Suzuki and Honda, but the bike that helped re-launch them was different — a superbly-styled machine called the DBI, which was powered by a twin-cylinder engine made by Ducati, of all people.



The DBI sold in its hundreds and turned Bimota's fortunes round. It has paved the way for more success, with four-cylinder Japanese engines from Yamaha being adopted for a 750cc bike called the YB4 which was raced to a world championship in 1987 by a colourful and talented Italian motor-cyclist called Virginio Ferrari. This Bimota, the YB6, is the big-bore 1000cc version powered by Yamaha's FZR1000 engine. In standard form the latest version of the FZR is the best of the Japanese street racers, and the fastest, good for a genuine 170mph top speed. With that engine fitted to the Bimota which is smaller, lighter, and has every part assembled by carefully-trained technicians, who each build a complete bike from the ground up, and then sign for it, many believe it's one of the fastest roadgoing motorcyles in the world.

The YB6 is also thought to be one of the best-handling bikes around, with limits of cornering, speed and braking power that exceed even the brilliant performance of the Yamaha. Price in Britain would be about £13,000, but unfortunately you can't even buy the YB6 here at the moment — Bimota are still negotiating with a new importer for their bikes.

Moto Guzzi is one of the most famous of all Italian factories, and has one of the greatest racing histories. In the '50s they produced a legendary 500cc V-8 racer and led the world in speed and high technology.

In recent years, though, the factory in Mandello del Lario, on Lake Como in northern Italy, has fallen behind, and their bikes, especially their sports machines, have struggled to keep pace with the competition.

But things are now moving at Guzzi. Their racing fortunes have looked up thanks largely to an American, Dr John Wittner, a former dentist, who started building his own racebikes. They are powered by the traditional big-bore Guzzi engine — a V-twin, but arranged with its cylinders across the frame (extending out either side) unlike Ducati, whose 'in-line' cylinders run in the same direction as the bike.

Wittner's machine was successful in endurance racing, one of the most demanding tests of machinery of all. The American was then brought to Italy by Alessandro de Tomaso, who owns Moto Guzzi as well as Maserati and many other companies, to design an ultra-high performance roadgoing version.

That won't appear until next year but in the meantime Guzzi have brought out their best 750cc sports bike yet, a brand new £5,000 machine, the Targa, which has the swooping looks of the famous 1000cc Le Mans, but in a smaller and more nimble chassis. It has all the attributes of a typical Guzzi — notably style and low-down torque from the big twin-cylinder engine — and is the bike that is leading this famous firm to a more prosperous future.

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Often dismissed as 'Mickey Mouse' aircraft only fit for trick flying at air shows, the Harrier jump jet vindicated itself superbly in the Falkland conflict, where the Argentinians dubbed it 'La Muerta Negra' — the Black Death

THE FALKLAND HARRIERS — how they won the air war

By Greg Kerry

May 23, 1982: An Argentinian Puma helicopter makes the fatal mistake of overflying the glistening waters of Shag Cove. From 8,000 feet above, its dark silhouette is spotted by a pair of Sea Harriers on Combat Air Patrol (CAP). There are no British Pumas on the Falkland Isles, so lead pilot, Flight Lieutenant Dave Morgan, assumes this is a hostile. With his wingman following, he dives down in a headlong rush at the lumbering chopper, but then sees that it's not alone — two more Pumas, and an Agusta 109, trail behind. He meets the first Puma too close, and too fast, to engage, but goes instead for the second.

'I turned over the top of him, and was pulling up to get into a firing position,' he recalled later, 'when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the Puma I had flown over smash into the ground, and explode in a ball of fire.' Later Morgan realised the unlucky enemy machine had been caught by his downwash, sweeping it into the side of a hill, where its cargo of 120-mm mortar rounds had caused the savage explosion. Not surprisingly, this proved the easiest Sea Harrier kill of the entire Falklands War, but the rest of Dave Morgan's time down south was far from easy.

Officially the Falklands War began on April 2, 1982: the time of the Argentinian invasion. At four o'clock that morning the RNAS base at Yeovilton was placed on official alert. Contingency planning for the suspected emergency had been under way in Whitehall for

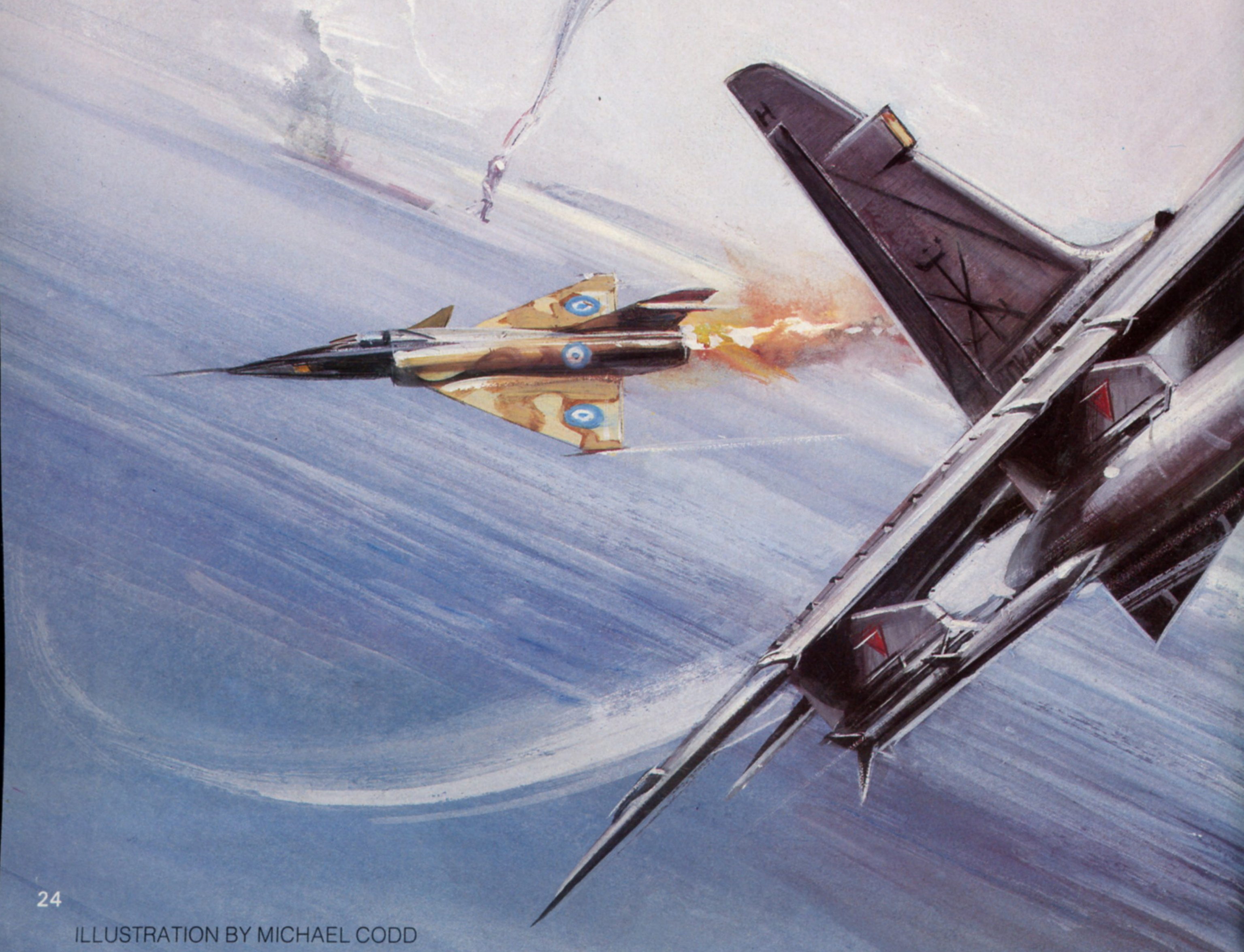
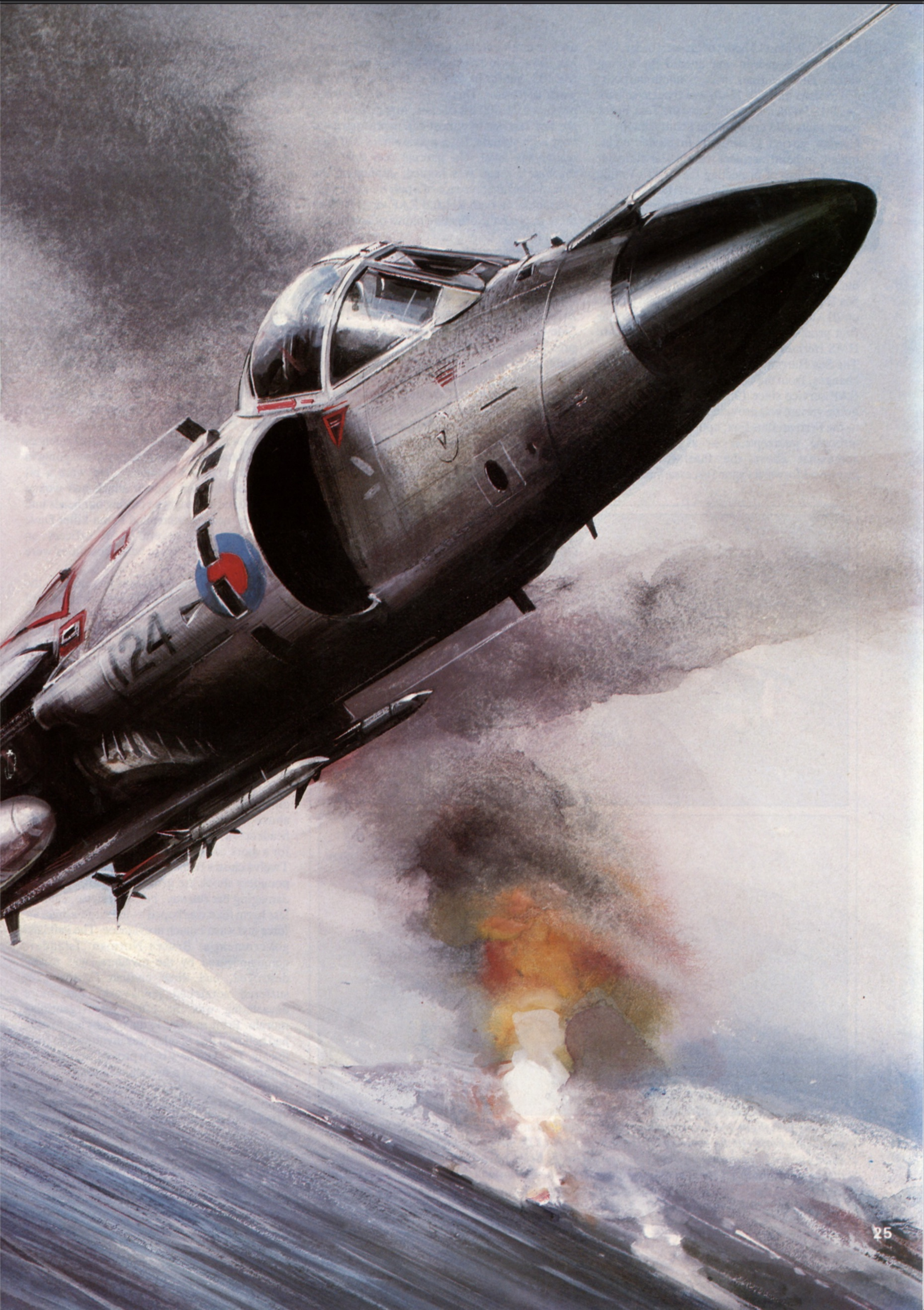


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD



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JENNY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

'This is going to be the decade when things really start to happen for me,' says 23-year-old Jenny Barnes. 'It's sad to see the 80's pass, but I'm a firm believer in looking ahead. I don't want to be rich or famous, just healthy and happy,' adds this shapely 38-24-36 inch dental receptionist from Cumbria. Judging from the rosy glow emanating from our pictures, Jenny certainly looks in fine fettle, but is she happy? 'Life's quite good at the moment. I've just brought a house with my brother, and have a brilliant social life.'

two days. Within 13 hours of the alert order, 800 Naval Air Squadron was aboard the ageing carrier HMS *Hermes* in Portsmouth harbour, and its sister unit, 801 NAS, was about to embark on HMS *Invincible*. April 5 saw the Task Force leave on its cold cruise to the South Atlantic.

Hermes carried 12 aircraft, *Invincible* eight. Initially these 20 machines were to bear the major responsibility of protecting the British flotilla from air attack. Later in the month they would be joined by six RAF GR Mk 3 Harriers, and, in May, by eight more naval aircraft. The size of the British air contingent was never exactly overwhelming.

At that time the Sea Harrier was just four years old. The maiden flight of the original FRS Mk 1 Sea Harrier had taken place at Dunsfold airfield on 20 August 1978. Just over one year later, the first production machines went to sea aboard HMS *Hermes*.

The Sea Harrier was developed, with minimal changes, from the GR Mk 3, which had been in RAF service since 1969. Essentially, the sea-going variant was provided with different radar — the Ferranti Blue Fox, optimised for maritime airborne interception — a cockpit raised somewhat above the fuselage, allowing improved forward vision (necessary for carrier deck operations), and the Rolls Royce Pegasus Mk 104 — little different to the RAF machines' Mk 103, but for its inbuilt protection from salt water corrosion. This vectored thrust turbofan produced 21,500 lbs of static thrust, powering the Sea Harrier to almost supersonic speed at very high altitude, but a maximum of 700 mph nearer sea level. On internal fuel only, the machine's range was limited, explaining the almost constant presence of a pair of underwing drop tanks on both RN and RAF aircraft: with these in place the effective radius of action was 280 miles.

But few of those who waved the proud armada off from the Portsmouth quayside, that day in early April, had any idea just how ill-prepared the Sea Harriers were. They lacked the computer software necessary for firing the AIM-9L Sidewinder air-to-air missiles, which would prove practically indispensible in the coming fight; they had no similar equipment for loft (or toss) bombing; had not been cleared to fire 51mm rockets, or to drop BL755 cluster bombs. To cap it all, most of the machines left behind had been denuded of their serviceable Blue Fox radars. All of these problems only were sorted out while the force was at sea.

At the start very few people believed this would ever turn into a shooting war. First airborne contacts occurred on April 21, when aircraft from 800 NAS intercepted an Argentinian Boeing 707, shadowing the Task Force. Both sides brought nothing more lethal to bear than cameras, and similar photo-opportunities continued for the next few days. However, as the British force steamed steadily southwards, a more serious mood took over. A message was received in Buenos Aires, stating that the presence of any information-gathering aircraft within the vicinity of the Task Force would no longer be tolerated. Sea Harrier pilots were denied the satisfaction of the big Boeing as an easy target — it never appeared again.

Britain's opening shot came in the form of the Vulcan bomber raid on the airfield at Port Stanley, during the very early morning of May 1. This did some serious demolition work to the main runway, but, to consolidate this, a few hours nearer dawn, all 12 aircraft of 800 NAS vaulted from the ski-jump on *Hermes*' bows. Nine followed up the Stanley raid, while the remainder dumped their ordnance on the airfield at Goose Green.

Those pilots heading for the now alerted defences of Port Stanley were not so happy about going in after the mighty V-bomber. 'We were a bit concerned that the Vulcan attack had woken them up, and we might be putting our heads into a hornets' nest,' commented Puma-killer Dave Morgan, one of several RAF officers on secondment to the Navy, when hostilities were declared.

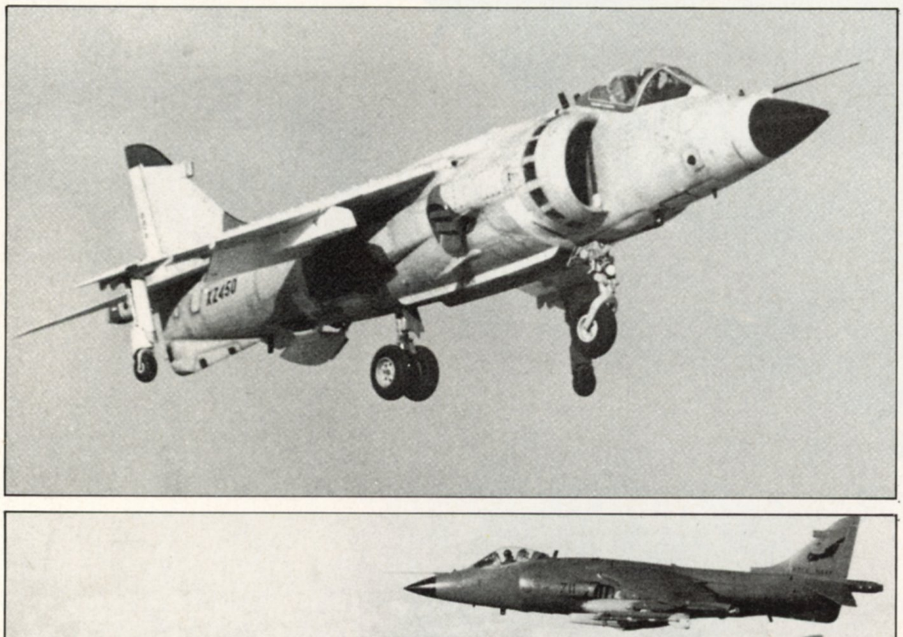
Climbing into the grey morning murk, the aircraft kept their anti-collision lights on until formation was assembled, then it was back down to 50 feet, hopefully to fool the enemy's radar. And they did. First to the dawn stillness over the cratered airfield were the bombs of the four Red Section aircraft. These weapons were 'tossed' or 'lofted' — a means of dropping bombs without actually overflying the target. Each machine powered into a 30 degree climb from about three miles out, released its weapons at a pre-computed spot, and high-tailed it out of the firing zone. Released in this way, like a ball thrown underarm, the air-fused bombs continued climbing, before dropping and exploding just above the ground. These kept the defenders' heads down, while Black Section came in quickly for a more conventional attack.

Twelve cluster bombs, and three standard 1,000 pounders shook the ground of Stanley, further damaging the runway, but, otherwise, causing less harm than was hoped — the Argentinian air force just wasn't much in evidence. The Falkland government's Britten-Norman Islander, commandeered by the invaders, was totally destroyed, and three civilian Cessna 172s suffered scratched paintwork. Far more devastating was the effect on Argentinian morale. Prior to May 1, the occupying forces, had believed that Stanley was invulnerable from the air. This had now been proved wrong twice within the space of a few short hours.

Only one Royal Navy machine was hit by defensive fire: Flight Lieutenant Morgan's. 'There was a great bloody explosion, just behind me, and my aircraft started shaking violently.' Easing the throttle off, and taking stock, Morgan soon realised that only the rudder was affected, in fact struck by a 20mm cannon shell. He was able to land safely back on *Hermes*.

The attack on Goose Green produced more dramatic results. Three hapless Argentinian

turn to page 66



Top: the first flight of a Sea Harrier, made at Dunsfold airfield on August 20, 1978, with test pilot John Farley at the controls. This machine — No XZ450 — was later brought down by enemy ground fire during an attack on Goose Green. Below: Sea Harriers from each of the three squadrons that served in the Falklands: from the foreground, Squadrons 800, 801 and 899. Seen in their grey, pre-Falklands sea camouflage, they were later re-painted a much darker grey, earning the aircraft the Argentinian nickname of 'The Black Death.'

Harriers

continued from page 26

Pucaras were just taking off, as British bombs fell. They hardly had time to get their undercarriages up, before one was completely destroyed, and the other two so badly damaged as to be written off.

This was the morning's work covered by BBC reporter Brian Hanrahan who, for security reasons, was not allowed to reveal the actual numbers of aircraft involved, but who got the message across to TV viewers in what became a classic phrase of the war: 'I counted them all out, and I counted them all back.'

Anticipating retaliatory raids, a pair of Sea Harriers from 801 Squadron were flying CAP above the Task Force. In the lead was Flight Lieutenant Paul Barton, yet another RAF officer on secondment, when warning of a hostile threat came from the directing warship. Two bandits at 120 miles range, the controller stated crisply, then, 'Fifteen miles astern of them are two more... er, there's two more behind them.' Barton and his wingman, Lieutenant-Commander John Eyton-Jones, thought odds of six to two a little less than favourable, an 'arse-gripping situation' as Barton described it.

Maintaining a height of 15,000 feet, the British airmen knew that the lower they engaged the enemy, the greater their chances of success. If the Argentinians were flying Mirages, they had considerably superior speed — but few dog fights are fought at full throttle: agility is a far more valuable asset, and, below 15,000 feet, the Mirage was no match for the jump jet. The Argentinian pilots seemed just as aware of this as their British counterparts, and refused to descend from their lofty 35,000 feet. Outside missile range of one another, the two formations orbited defensively, until fuel began to run low, then the Mirages cut for home. Barton and Eyton-Jones did likewise.

In the afternoon it was the turn of 801 Squadron's pilots to taste a little tentative action. Lieutenant-Commander 'Sharkey' Ward, and Lieutenant Mike Watson, were directed toward a formation of hostiles, heading for British warships bombarding Port Stanley airfield. At closer range, Ward and Watson found them to be Beech T-34 Turbo-Mentors: propellor-driven machines, more suited to training than anything else, and only lightly armed. Taking a long range shot with their cannons, the Sea Harriers chased the T-34s into heavy cloud, where the docile little machines escaped inside the sanctuary of the Stanley AA defences.

Returning to their former patrol area, the Sea Harriers found themselves in another battle of nerves with high-flying Mirages. Suddenly Ward saw what appeared to be three condensation trials, all heading straight for him. At last, he thought, as he attempted to lock his Sidewinders onto one of them — but the contrails turned out to be nothing more than the smoke plumes of Argentinian missles. 'They must have fired from well out of range, because the nearest missile went past me by a long way and fell into the sea.'

This indecisive encounter was not to be the day's last, however, for late in the afternoon, the enemy returned. On his third sortie of the day, Paul Barton was flying one of the first Sea Harriers to make contact. This time, the Mirage pilots seemed less reluctant to commit themselves, and were coming in at medium altitude. Alerted by their control ship, HMS *Glamorgan*, the jump jet pilots were well prepared. Barton had Lieutenant Steve Thomas as wingman, flying a standard defensive battle formation at 11,000 feet, line abreast, and about one mile apart; each pilot covered his partner's blind zone below, and behind.

The incoming Mirage 111s were flown by Captain Garcia Cuerva, and Lieutenant Carlos Perona. Steve Thomas picked them up on his Blue Fox radar, Accelerating to 550 knots, the British pair tried to get behind the Argentinians. Thomas locked his radar onto the leader, but, then, hesitated in momentary suspicion: 'I began looking for the others — I couldn't believe that a pair of fighters would come in alone like that.' Not only were the Argentinians by themselves, but they were flying very close together, what the Americans term a 'welded wing' formation. Properly trained fighter pilots just wouldn't fly like this, but it was precisely the kind of tactical error many Argentinian flyers were to make.

Barton and Thomas were sure there must be a similar enemy group close by, hoping to catch the Sea Harriers in a pincer attack. Once they'd accepted this was not the case, they went in for their own pincer movement. Barton opened his throttle wide, locking rader onto the number two Mirage, and was actually passed unseen by Cuerva's machine, as he turned in to attack. Apparently the Argentinians were, as yet, unaware of the British presence — but not for long. Barton speedily closed to within cannon range, and chanced a quick shot. 'This was an optimistic gesture and I didn't appear to hit him.' Maintaining a shallow turn to port, the Mirages continued their unsuspecting way. Now Barton heard the growling noise in his headphones, indicating that his first Sidewinder was locked on. At about 500 yards range, he eased the stick forward, to settle behind, and slightly below Perona's machine, to allow the Sidewinder the best possible target silhouette, against the background of a bright blue sky: a perfectly calculated attack. The headphone noise changed to a sharp bark, just before Barton squeezed the firing button, and watched his starboard Sidewinder shoot of the launch rail, trailing grey smoke, as its infra-red sensors led it to the heat image of Perona's jet exhaust.

A mere four seconds later the Argentinian aircraft exploded in a blazing fireball — 'brilliant blue, orange and red'. Carlos Perona had the dubious distinction of becoming the first pilot ever shot down by a Sea Harrier. Fortunately he survived the experience. But not only had he failed to see his opponent, he believed his machine had been destroyed by collision, rather than missile attack. It was obvious to Barton that Perona was a rookie, hanging onto his leader's tail, and concentrating on little else. 'The Argentinian pilots were courageous... good stick and rudder men,' Barton concluded, 'but their training and tactics were awful.'

His wingman's exploding Mirage finally alerted Garcia Cuerva to the potential danger, prompting a swiftly executed 180 degree turn. Steve Thomas was intent on catching him. Rolling into a vertical descent at 4,000 feet he fired off one of his Sidewinders, only to lose sight of both it, and the Mirage, in dense cloud. Running low on fuel, the Sea Harriers were now obliged to drop the chase, and return homewards too. Back on *Invincible*, Barton was credited one confirmed, Thomas one probable.

Sometime afterwards it became known that Thomas's missile had detonated on its proximity fuse very close to Cuerva's plane, inflicting severe damage. With fuel pouring from punctured tanks, Cuerva nursed the Mirage to Port Stanley. Just before the airfield, he jettisoned his auxiliary fuel tanks for a safer landing. However, anti-aircraft gunners on the airfield perimeter mistook this for a bombing attack, immediately opening fire.

They blasted the crippled Mirage apart, and the pilot was killed.

More casualties afflicted the Fuerza Aerea Argentina this fateful day. Minutes after the

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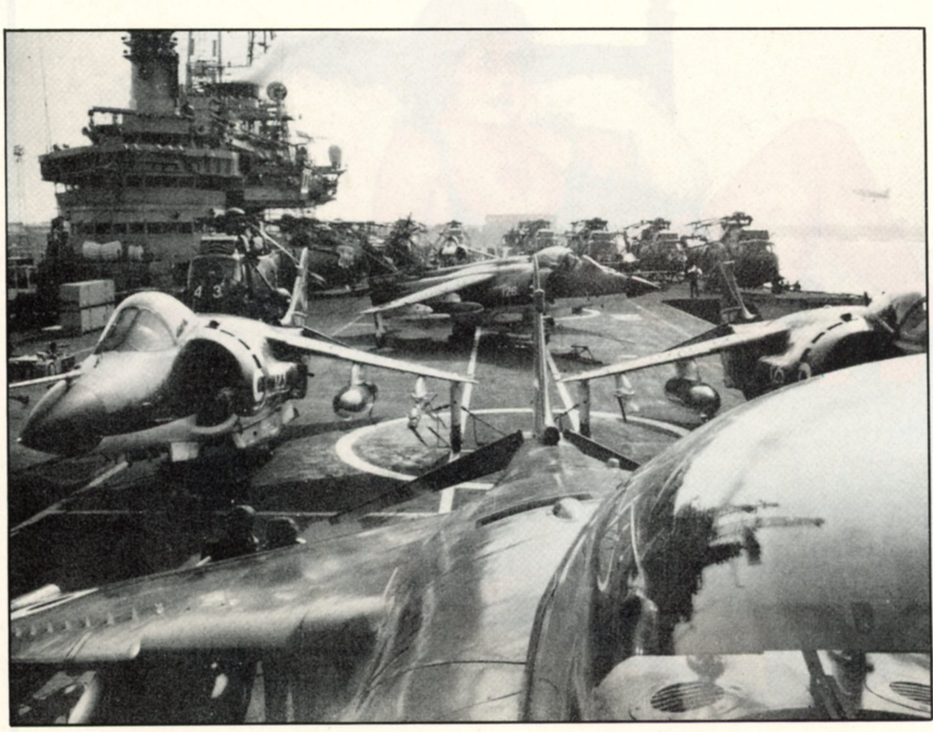

Sea Harriers crowd the deck of HMS Hermes. Note the raised cockpit, the most obvious difference from the land-based version, and essential for carrier deck operations. In the Falklands conflict Sea Harriers flew a total of 1,190 combat and bombing missions.

What about a boyfriend? 'Ah, that's a touchy subject at the moment. I have been going out with a guy, but he just became too possessive, and wouldn't give me time to myself. I enjoy being footloose and fancy free, so I politely told him I didn't want to see him anymore. Gosh, I must sound a bit hard, but I'm not really, just ask my mum.' When not working, Jenny spends a lot of time helping out at a friend's stable. 'I get pretty bored sitting in a dentist's all day, so the chance of a spot of horse riding at weekends goes down really well. I don't even mind mucking out.'

Harriers

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action involving Barton and Thomas, Sea Harriers of 800 Squadron were attacked by Argentinian Daggers. The Dagger was essentially an uprated Mirage, produced by the Israelis, and optimized for ground attack. The Argentinians went for the Royal Navy machines with some aggression.

Lieutenant Martin Hale spotted a missile headed for him, and suffered a few violently disconcerting moments, before successfully putting it off. He was then able to watch his partner, Flight Lieutenant Tony Penfold, notch up the day's third kill: a long missile shot trailing up to a spectacular explosion, followed by a Dagger falling out of the sky, to crash into the sea.

Even this was not the last of the day's action for another pair of 801 Squadron's pilots. Lieutenant-Commander Mike Broadwater, and Lieutenant Al Curtiss, intercepted a three plane formation of BAC Canberra bombers — supplied to Argentina, years before, as a British export. Curtiss immediately downed one, leaving Broadwater barely time enough to fire both his Sidewinders at the remaining bombers, as they disappeared from sight — neither missile scoring.

With the hectic day over, the men of both Naval Air Squadrons had good cause to feel confident, but, as Flight Lieutenant Ian Mortimer said, 'That day we on 801 had had seven missiles fired at us. Most had been fired out of range, or the parameters were all wrong... But we figured that, if they continued throwing missiles at us at that rate, sooner or later some were going to hit.'

In fact, the drama of May 1 had touched a decidely raw nerve with the Argentinians — not because of their aircraft losses, but because the British had demonstrated their ability, chiefly with the Vulcan raid, to hit mainland objectives. In respose to this, Group 8's Mirage fighters, the only dedicated interceptors in Fuerza Aerea Argentina, were relegated solely to the role of mainland defence. They were to sit out the war, waiting for raids that would never come. Daggers were only ever used in the ground attack role, and never encountered carrying air-to-air missiles again. Ian Mortimer's worst fears were never realised.

The day's actions led the Argentinians to christen the Sea Harrier 'La Muerte Negra' — the Black Death — and, indeed, in their recently applied extra-dark, sea-grey camouflage paint, the jump jets lookd a good deal more sinister than they had in peacetime liveries. Likewise, the plane's many critics were obliged to re-think their opinions of it as a 'Mickey Mouse' aeroplane, good for nothing but trick flying at air displays. It was, at last, seen to be a valuable addition to aerial combat.

Air operations only resumed on May 4, after a bout of typically foul South Atlantic weather, when Goose Green was struck a second time. This raid was less successful than the first, with little obvious damage done to airfield installations. Nor did the three machines involved escape unscathed. Lieutenant Nick Taylor's mount was hit by 35 mm cannon fire, as he streaked across the field at low level. The Sea Harrier was instantly transformed into a violent fireball, the pilot having no chance to eject as the aircraft ploughed into the ground.

Worse was to come, as the unpleasant realities of war struck Argentinian and British alike. The Sea Harrier was displaying a remarkable ability to beat some of the most appalling flying weather in the world — but it was a dangerous game. On May 6, a pair of patrolling Naval machines simply disappeared, presumably due to collision in the grey murky weather.

But spirits rose again three days later, when a bombing, and strafing, attack brought the converted spy-ship *Naarwal* to a nervous halt. Dave Morgan had a willing hand in this. He, and his wingman, had just suffered the frustration of an aborted strike on Stanley airfield, which turned out to be completely covered by cloud. Flying a CAP, 60 miles to the south east, the RAF pilot established that the ex-trawler was Argentinian, and acting very suspciously, and so set out to stop her. Both aircraft were still carrying 1,000 pound bombs, which needed to be disposed of before landing back on the carrier. Fused for a high level attack, with a seven second arming delay, meant that if released at low level they probably wouldn't be 'live' before they hit, but, as Morgan said: 'We thought we may as well aim them at an Argentinian ship as anywhere else.'

First Morgan's wingman fired his 30mm cannon across the *Narwal's* bows, without prompting any visible reaction, Both pilots followed this by chucking their redundant 1,000 pounders at her. One struck the ship on the port side, failing to explode, as expected, but still the trawler continued serenely on course. Only when each aircraft had emptied about 200 rounds of 30mm into the bridge, and engine room, did the ship heave to. She was finally claimed as prize, when a boarding party set down on her decks from a Sea King helicopter.

Further into the month, other enemy shipping was encountered. The *Rio Carcarana* and *Bahia Buen Scueso* were both crippled on the 16th, and, on the 22nd, the *Rio Iguagua* was similarly treated.

Nor was Port Stanley airfield neglected in the meantime, for it received sickeningly regular visits from all Sea Harriers on CAP sorties, from as early as May 14. The start and finish of every mission was marked by lobbing a 1,000 pounder in from 12,000 feet, though later, in deference to the enemy's heavy calibre anti-aircraft guns, from the safer height of 20,000 feet. This may not have caused much damage, but its effect on the young conscript troops, occupying the airfield, often cold, and wet, was incalculable.

During the contingency planning for the Falkland's operation, one of the most pressing concerns for the British had been the small number of Sea Harriers available — only 30 had been built, and one of these was lost in an accident in 1981. If the sea-going jump jets were to provide continuous, and effective, cover for the South Atlantic fleet, then losses would be inevitable, given the numerical strength of the Argentinian air forces. The only other source of jump jets was the RAF, with its GR Mk 3s: machines configured (and pilots trained) solely for ground attack, and battlefield reconnaissance.

There was no alternative. Pilots of No 1 Squadron were given less than a month to learn the tricks, and techniques, of airborne interception, and carrier deck operations. Aircraft, too, had to be modified: lashing rigs were fitted to outrigger wheel legs, holes drilled strategically in airframes to allow corrosive salt water free drainage; minor changes also had to be made to nosewheel-steering and nozzle-control mechanisms. More complex work involved fitting a transponder to each aircraft, which would identify it on the carriers' radar, and then the Harrier's inertial navigation system had to be set up, so that it could be aligned to the heaving deck of a moving ship.

Six Harriers duly reached the Task Force on May 18, flying a long haul to Ascension Island, then transferring to the ill-fated *Atlantic Conveyor* for a cramped ride to join HMS *Hermes*, their main operating base throughout the conflict.

The first two of these machines had a baptism of fire two days later, when they struck a fuel dump just outside Fox Bay settlement, on West Falkland. Zooming away at ultra-low level, the pair left the dump a blazing ruin.

The next day, May 21, was D-Day, the invasion of the Falklands. The operation's codename, 'Sutton', did not have the dramatic appeal of 1944's 'Overlord', but, to the men involved, it lacked no less a sense of high drama.

The first active sortie of the day was undertaken by Harriers, responding to a covert SAS reconnaissance mission of the previous night: enemy choppers, it was discovered, used an overnight dispersal point, just north of Mount Kent. Squadron Leader Jerry Pook, and Flight Lieutenant Mark Hare, hoped to catch the site before its personnel awoke. They did. On their second pass the two Harriers chewed up the

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One of the six RAF GR Mk 3 Harriers which joined the Task Force to remedy the shortage of Sea Harriers. Built for ground operations, they were swiftly adapted for use as carriers.

Harriers

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ground with cannon fire. Hare aimed his shells for the dark bulk of a Chinook: 'When I saw them exploding on it, I held my sight there; and it blew up with a spurt of flame, and I pulled away.' Two Pumas were also left flaming wrecks. Nearby, however, another dozen machines escaped notice, and, yet, this action alone apparently deterred General Menendez from mounting a determined counter-attack against British forces landing at San Carlos — operating his helicopter force by day would, he feared, be too costly.

In the meantime, just after half past nine, Flight Lieutenant Jeff Glover was making a camera run over Port Howard. The site was well defended by enemy anti-aircraft guns. A civilian eye-witness re-called: 'It seemed as though every gun in the garrison opened up, and we watched, appalled, as, directly over our heads, the plane did a roll, and part of the wing came off.' Glover was saved by a lucky ejection, but suffered the ignominy of being the sole British POW of the war. This was the first GR Mk 3 loss.

Over the San Carlos beachhead, things initially went quietly for the British ground forces. Early on, a patrolling Argentinian Pucara had been destroyed by a Stinger SAM, fired by an SAS trooper. A second Pucara alerted the Islands' defenders, with a positive sighting at ten o'clock. Five minutes later a lone Aermacchi MB 339 gamely went in to strafe the loitering warships, but caused only superficial damage to HMS *Argonaut*. Half an hour later, the situation changed markedly, as the first intensive Argentinian air strikes arrived in the form of bomb-laden Skyhawks and Daggers. The ships *Antrim* and *Argonaut* were severely pulverized, while defending Sea Harriers found the going more than a little rough. Their carriers were obliged, due to the threat of air attacks — especially from Exocet missiles — to remain some 200 miles east of the islands. By the time Sea Harriers had covered this distance, they could maintain beachhead CAPS for only ten minutes, before having to fly back again. The two carriers launched three pairs of jump jets every hour, while keeping another pair on constant readiness: the maximum sustainable effort without burning out both men and machines.

This was the time when lack of really effective radar coverage for the Task Force was most keenly felt. With no dedicated Airborne Early Warning companion aircraft, the Sea Harriers had to rely on shipborne radar, whose long-range coverage was, as best, patchy. Also, the Sea Harrier's Blue Fox equipment was designed to find lumbering Soviet maritime bombers at altitude, not small nimble machines, shooting in a low level over a rough sea.

Nevertheless, this hectic day produced more than enough such targets, with the Argentinians suffering nine drowned aircraft in all. 'Sharkey' Ward, and Steve Thomas, were on CAP together, when a pair of Daggers came in. Thomas immediately opened up to give chase. 'I barrelled in behind them, locked up a missile on rear guy, and fired... The Sidewinder hit the aircraft and took it apart.'

The unfortunate Dagger's partner turned desperately to escape, but Thomas managed to stay with him too, loosing off his second Sidewinder: 'The missile followed him round the corner, and went close over his port wing root. There was a bright orange flash, close to the

turn to page 88

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'I've always loved horses ever since I was a schoolgirl. I thought I'd grow out of them like I did David Cassidy records, but no. Besides, guys say I look great in jodhpurs!' Jenny's quite an expert rider, and thought about competing in equestrian events in her teens until she was sent off to boarding school. 'I didn't really enjoy my schooldays. That's one part of my life I'm glad I've left behind in the 80's. They say schooldays are the best days of your life, but I couldn't disagree more. The only times we were ever let out to enjoy ourselves was at weekends, and then we had to back early. No wonder we never had any proper boyfriends!'

Harriers

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aircraft, but it didn't blow up or anything.' It was, in fact, another kill for Thomas, though this was not confirmed until after the war.

'Sharkey' Ward was distracted by the sudden appearance of another Dagger, while Thomas was thus engaged. The delta-winged machine was doing about 500 knots at 50 feet. 'I racked the Harrier round hard... and loosed off a missile. It hit him, and, immediately afterwards, he went into the ground.'

Death and destruction in the space of a few frantic seconds.

But the determined work of the Argentinian pilots was negated to a considerable extent by the fact that their bombs were dropped too low to activate the arming mechanisms — and they failed to explode. Naval Skyhawks were next on the scene, armed with retarded bombs, which suffered no such fusing problems. HMS *Ardent* was the prime target of these, and suffered accordingly, but, on the way out, her attackers — resplendent in their peacetime white paint schemes — were easily spotted by patrolling Sea Harriers. One fell to a Sidewinder, one to cannon fire, and the third struggled back to Port Stanley, where the pilot discovered his machine's undercarriage to be so badly shot-up that he ejected anyway.

It was an undeniably hard fought day in the air, but it could have gone very differently for the Argentinians had not faulty command decisions sent the fighter-bombers in, repeatedly, without fighter cover. Under such conditions, Sea Harriers had proved more than capable of annihilating entire flights of enemy machines within a matter of minutes. The surviving pilots must have felt some relief when heavy cloud descended over the Islands, halting air operations until the afternoon of the 23rd. By then, the British foothold was well established.

Over the ensuing three weeks, RAF and RN jump jets would continue their bitter work. Generally, there was less and less air activity by the Argentinians. Pilots of the GR Mk 3s were briefed every mission to expect a fiercer reaction from enemy fighters, but it never came. Instead they concentrated on honing their low level flying skills: whatever the intended target, surprise was always a principal weapon. Past training and experience — over Wales and North Germany — stood them in good stead for their more than dangerous occupation. One pilot described flying at 600 knots and 100 feet as: 'Flying through a "tunnel". There is a segment of about 15 degrees either side of the nose of the aircraft, where you can see clearly; on either side the ground is just a blur.' Concentration was so intense there was no time to check a map, or to look behind for enemy planes — hitting the objective was all that mattered.

On May 24, a combined Harrier and Sea Harrier force struck Stanley airfield, en masse, again. Airburst fused bombs were tossed over the AA defences in the usual opening gambit. Then came two pairs of RAF machines: one from the west, one from the north-west — all carrying parachute-retarded 1,000 pounders. Flight Lieutenant Tony Harper was one of the disgruntled pilots, upset at the lack of any positive result from these: 'Angry that we had not inflicted any serious damage on the runway, and might have to go and do the attack again.' But the retarded bombs exploded too near the surface. What was really needed here were weapons that impacted at a steep angle, and exploded a few metres deep. British forces simply did not have such weapons to hand in the Falklands.

Despite these problems, the struggle continued apace, but was still far from one-sided. May 25 was Argentina's National Day, and expected to bring maximum efforts from the enemy. *Hermes* and *Invincible* were moved to within 90 miles of Stanley, allowing the Sea Harriers additional CAP time. The day went badly. Either the jump jets found themselves in the wrong place, at the wrong time, or they were ordered to stand off, leaving the fire zone free for defending ships' SAMs. There were no air victories for the British at all, which made the destruction of HMS *Coventry*, and the supply ship *Atlantic Conveyor*, all the more unbearable.

'What have you been saying to my plants?'

Some measure of revenge was wreaked on the 28th, when Squadron Leader Pete Harris led a flight of three Harriers to the Argentinian artillery position on Goose Green, presently halting the advance of the Second Parachute Battalion. Two of the Harriers dropped cluster bombs, while the third, flown by Jerry Pook, fired off a heavy salvo of two-inch rockets. 'Which were most effective. They hit the tip of the peninsular, where the 35mm guns were. The attack gave a great boost to the morale of our troops. I think some of them thought the Harriers had come in a bit too close for comfort...' said Major Chris Keeble, who had only taken over command of the battalion earlier that day, following the death of Colonel 'H' Jones.

Two GR Mk 3s were lost to ground fire on the 27th and 30th, though both pilots ejected safely. Four aircraft arrived as replacements/reinforcements a few days later, having made eight-and-a-half-hour, air-refuelled flights from distant Ascension Island.

CAP time over the Islands was greatly increased, when an operating strip was constructed near San Carlos, by the Royal Engineers. Tragically 'Sid's Strip', as it was nicknamed, was temporarily out of action on June 8, when enemy aircraft caught the landing ships *Sir Tristram* and *Sir Galahad*, offloading at Bluff Cove. Terrible casualties were inflicted amongst the troops, before Sea Harriers could get there. Dave Morgan, with wingman Dave Smith, were first on hand — with barely two mintues worth of spare fuel. Diving onto the attacking Skyhawks, Morgan knew he was too late to prevent the initial bombing — 'Which made me very angry. The most angry I've been in my life.' The resultant fight was fast and furious, but the slow, ageing Skyhawks stood little real chance. Three were quickly shot out of the sky, while a fourth escaped, but with considerable damage — the last Sea Harrier victories of the war.

The Argentinian surrender was agreed on June 14.

In a grand total of 1,100 CAP sorties and 90 offensive support missions (GR Mk 3s flew 126), the Sea Harriers had downed 21 enemy aircraft, with no loss to themselves, in-air-to-air combat. One machine, in a freak accident, slid off the deck of *Invincible* in stormy seas, giving its pilot, Lieutenant-Commander Broadwater, an unwelcome ducking — as befell Flight Lieutenant Mortimer, when his machine was fatally hit by a Roland SAM on another Stanley raid. Less fortunate was Lieutenant-Commander Batt, whose fully-armed plane exploded immediately after take-off, for no obvious reason.

To say that jump jets played a major role in winning the Battle of the Falkland Islands might smack of overstatement, but First Sea Lord, Sir Henry Leach, summed it up succinctly: 'Without the Sea Harrier, there would have been no Task Force.'

North America has recently turned to an enthusiastic celebration of its past in the shape of the machines that revolutionised the nation's farming — the traction engine. Now these steam stalwarts, polished and gleaming after being lovingly restored by America's growing army of enthusiasts, hold centre stage in a series of steam rallies

TRANSATLANTIC TRACTION

Photographed by Andrew Morland

One of the last things you would expect to find gleaming in the North American sun is the traction engine. But there they are — casings polished and shining, engines in smooth running order, and still capable of making the same head of steam they ever were.

The secret of their preservation lies in the country's dry weather conditions, the machines' own ease of maintenance, and the reluctance of the local farming community to part with the splendid old veterans.

Every summer across the USA there are frequent gatherings of traction fans. One such event, at Rollag in Minnesota, exhibits over 50 traction engines, and draws a crowd of over 200,000 every year.

The lure of these steam veterans is easy to understand — majestic and durable in an age where disposability has become the norm.

Many of the names, such as Case and Minneapolis-Moline, are still well-known to

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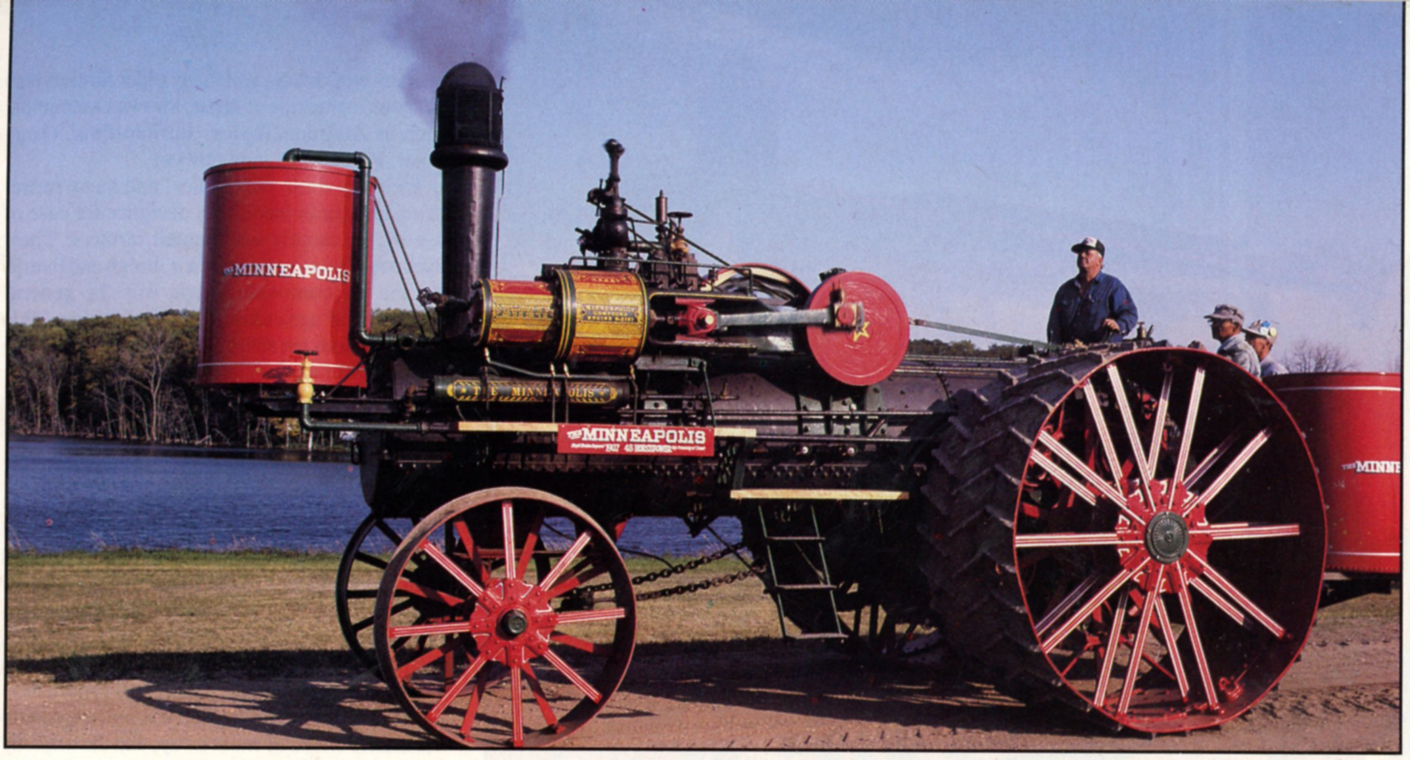
THE MINNEAPOLIS
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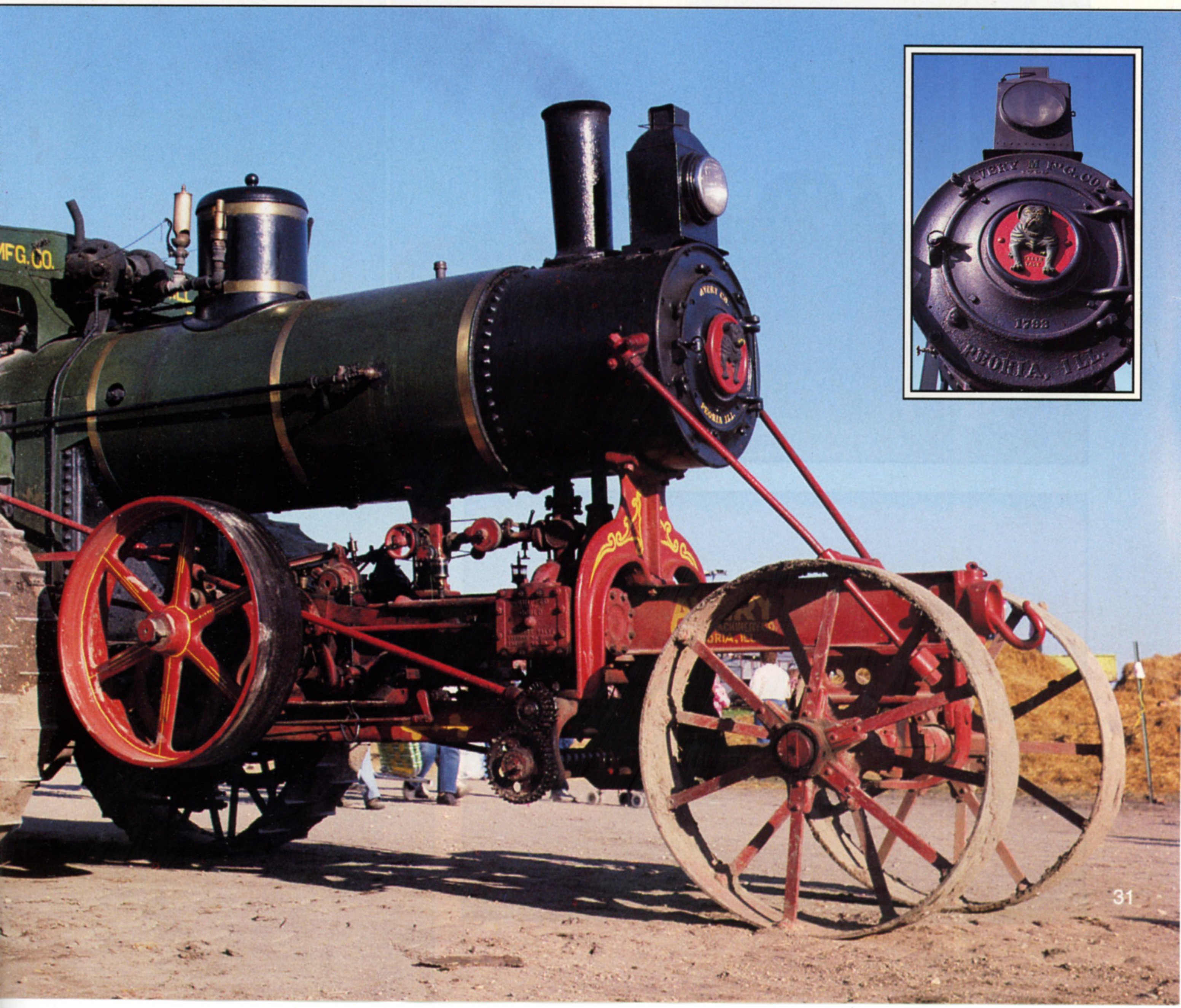
Main picture: An 18 hp locomotive style Avery built in 1912. Inset: Avery's 'Teeth Talk' trademark. Above: A Minneapolis 1907 single-tandem engine. Top left: The oldest traction engine around; an 1890 20 hp Aultman-Taylor. Bottom left: Nichols and Shepard 20-70 hp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MAYFAIR Girl of the month

JENNY

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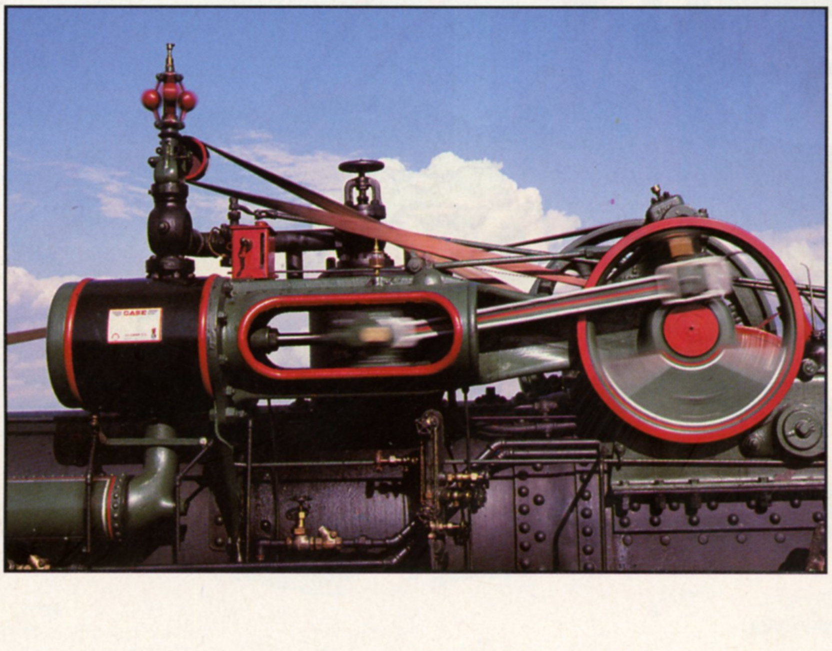
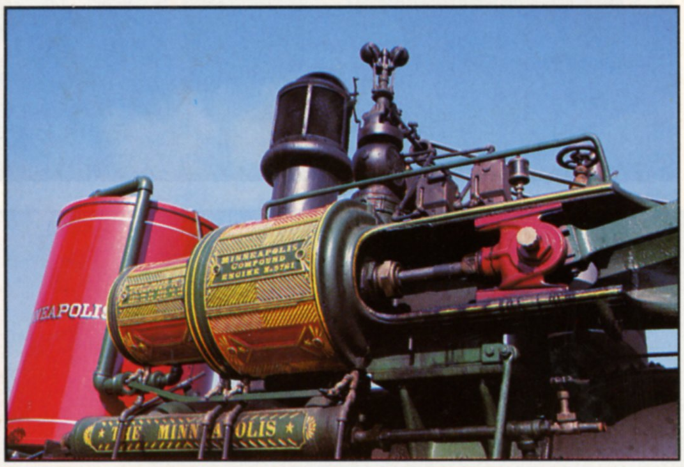
farmers worldwide, and many older farmers also harbour memories of lesser known companies, such as Aultman-Taylor, Buffalo-Pitts, Gaar-Scott, Port Huron, and Sawyer.

In their day these companies, and many more, provided sturdy machines, designed for ease of use by the largely uneducated farmers. Their uses could be as varied as their design and livery. By far the commonest type was the general purpose and agricultural traction engine. This was used both for short haulage and as a mobile steam-power engine, largely to drive threshing, sawing and tree-pulling operations. Single cylinder models were the norm in this area, being simple, strong, and with few moving parts, allowing them to be easily maintained by untrained farm workers.

Many of the companies also produced dedicated traction engines for ploughing work, constructed with in-built cable drums. These engines usually worked in pairs, one on each side of the field. One engine would pull while the other paid out, the plough being attached to each cable end. In this way they could plough over 40 acres a day. Companies seldom supplied traction engines to customers over 200 miles away, and the majority were very local indeed. Overland transport was rendered all but impossible by the terrible tracks then in use, and the enormous expense involved. The local manufacturer could always

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THE MINNEAPOLIS

Main picture: A Case 65 hp single engined model from 1916. Bottom left: Moving piston in Case 65 hp engine. Middle left: A 1920 Advance Rumely. Top left: A 1917 Minneapolis American 28. Top middle: Case's trademark. Bottom middle: A rare 1907 Minneapolis single tandem engine. Top right: 1920 Rumely Straw burner

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JENNY

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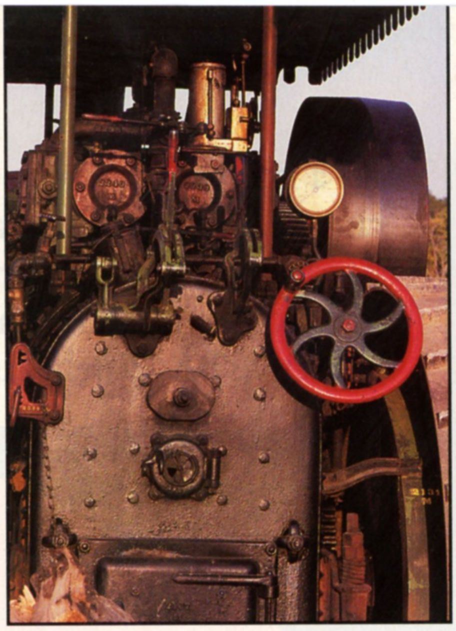
'My name is Angela Fowler, I'm 23 years of age, and my vital statistics are 34-22-34. I originally come from Oxford, but I now live in London. My ambitions are to write a novel, make a record and visit China. I am currently employed as a temp, but am looking for full time employment, probably in the financial sector. Now is there anything else you'd like to know?' says blonde beauty Angela very matter of factly. But that is typical of her. 'I've always been very straight to the point,' she says, 'I can't be bothered beating around the bush. I'm very much the same in my attitude to guys I fancy. I like to tell them exactly where they stand from the very first date. It always seems much fairer to be honest with people.'

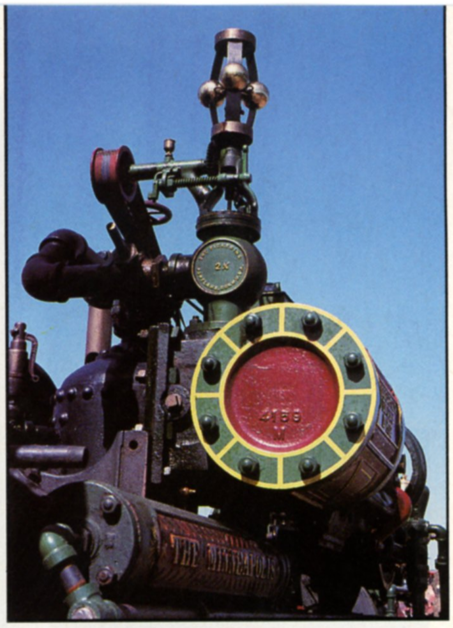
substantially undercut his more distant competitors by dint of transport costs alone. This largely explains the profusion of small companies that characterised the industry in its hey-day.

Case was a giant among these small companies, building more than 90,000 threshing machines in the years up to 1920. The company used an Eagle logo, known as 'Old Abe', and named after a fierce American eagle that was the mascot of 'C' company of the 8th Winsconsin regiment. It started off atop a branch, but as the company spread its wings internationally, it was soon perched on the globe.

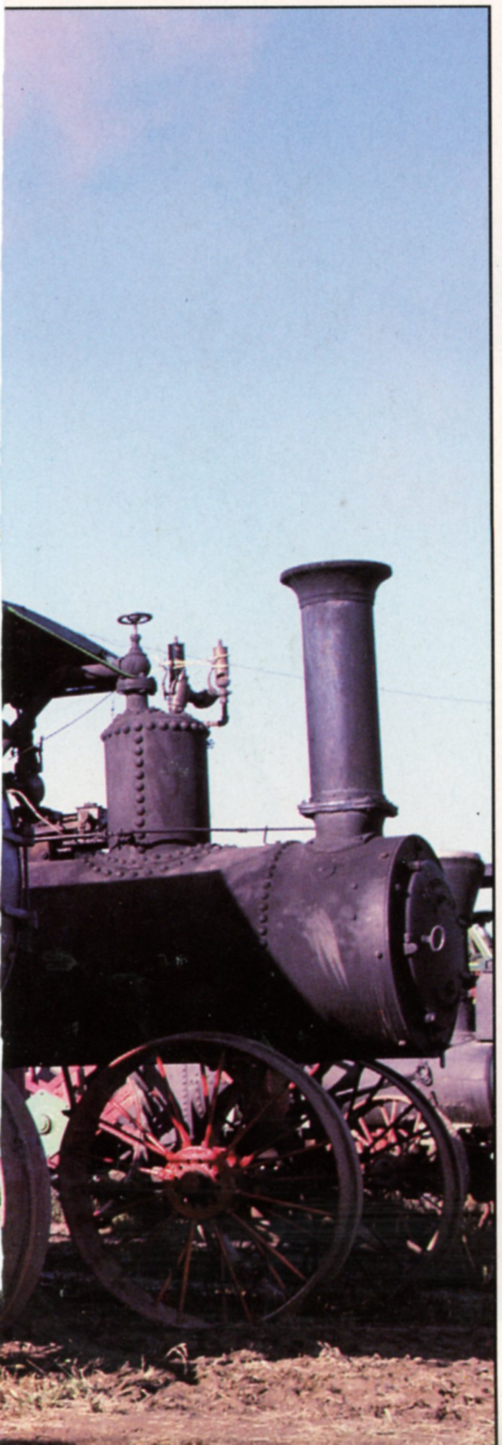
Minneapolis, the other major player in the traction engine industry of the time, started life in 1887, and built a total of 8,535 steam engines. This comprised 4,345 return-flue boiler engines and 4,190 direct-flue boiler engines.

Even though the day of the traction engine has largely passed, these faithful old giants, which began a revolution in the farming industry, are more popular than ever, with their numbers growing every year as enthusiasts restore to full working order these hardy vehicles.





Main picture: A 25 hp double-cylinder Gaar-Scott engine, built in 1915. Top left: A Buffalo-Pitts 1001 16 hp engine. Next: Ploughing with a 1913 110 hp Case. Above left: The controls of a 1903 Minneapolis 18 hp traction engine. Above right: A well-preserved Minneapolis engine, a 20 hp model from 1924. Below: A 1912 25 hp Gaar-Scott. Bottom: A 1918 76 hp Sawyer-Massey.



SAWYER - MASSEY
SAWYER - MASSEY

'If I don't fancy a guy, I say ''Just dinner, ok?'' I'm quite upfront about it. If I do fancy him quite often we skip dinner entirely,' says Angela with her saucy wink. The other loves of her life are her two kittens, Lucy and Zak. 'They're lovely,' she coos, 'I sometimes think I prefer them to men altogether. But perhaps I just don't meet the right kind of men.'

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

QUEST

Female exhibitionism, from the 'accidental' flash of suspender to the performance of intimate acts where others might witness them, is a potent aspect of sexuality. Quest talks to two women and a man whose experience of this led to episodes of intense eroticism.

PERSONAL FILE

Name . . . . Withheld

Sex . . . . . Female

Age . . . . 33 years

Town of Origin . . . .

Hereford

Other details . . . . This striking brunette interviewee works as a PA in a marketing company. Married at 22, she divorced six years later, and now lives with her boyfriend.

Quest: Why do you say you learned to be exhibitionist late in life?

PA: Because I was too shy about my body early on. I was quite naive until fairly late. My ex-husband used to go berserk if I put on a suspender belt and stockings, and paraded around the bedroom. I could guarantee he'd have my knickers off in seconds. But I only dressed like that because *he* liked it so much. It didn't really do anything for me without him.!

Quest: But you feel differently now?

PA: Wearing that kind of lingerie, letting men know I am, is a turn-on for me, yes. Part of that is just association, I suppose. But it's really about feeling happy with my own body, and my own sexuality — if that doesn't sound too serious!

Quest: Are you wearing stockings and suspenders now?

PA: Yes, I am. Do you want to have a look? They're fiddly to put on, but I actually find them more comfortable than tights. But the fact that I feel more feminine in them, more desirable, if you like, is just as important.

Quest: And it helps to have excellent legs.

PA: Thank you. Now, ten years ago, if you'd said that to me, I'd have frozen up, thought, 'My God, he's trying to get off with me, what do I do?' I suppose it's a question of confidence, but I do remember when my attitude changed.

Quest: When was this?

PA: Just after my first divorce papers came through. This particular morning, I ran out of

tights. All I had were the stockings and suspenders my ex loved, which was a good reason for not wearing them. But I was late for work, so I did. I was sitting in a reasonably crowded carriage — one of those separate compartments, where you face each other — and I had a paper, but I was suddenly aware of this man, almost opposite, looking at me. Or at my legs, to be accurate. He was probably in his forties, greying, smartly dressed — not what I'd call a dirty old man. In fact, he looked as if he'd just got an awful surprise, and didn't know how to handle it. I looked down. I had my legs crossed, and my skirt had probably ridden up a bit higher than it should. Then it suddenly dawned on me my stocking tops came about halfway down my thighs, and, from where he was sitting, he probably had quite a good view. I'd been sitting as if I was armour-clad, as usual, in tights. And, in that second, I *knew* that, under the newspaper he had on his lap, he was excited. And the most enormous wave of electricity swept over me — I mean, pure physical excitement, which was terrifying! I didn't know this man, I wasn't sure if I found him attractive, but feeling his eyes on me, knowing I was letting him see something he shouldn't, had this incredible effect on me. Perhaps it was a reaction to my divorce, or the fact that I hadn't made love for ages, but I was actually trembling when I got out.

Quest: This man didn't approach you?

PA: Oh no. I'd have run a mile if he had! I needed time before I did anything about it.

Quest: When did you?

PA: Within a month. I did something which I'm not particularly proud of; I had an affair with a married man. My excuse was that I didn't want another serious relationship, and his interest was mainly sexual, anyway. So it suited us both.

Quest: Who was he?

PA: A man I worked for. I temped for a year. I was with him for nearly two months. Jack was about 35, tall, fair, a bit flash, to be frank, but physically quite attractive. He obviously enjoyed flirting, always lots of comments about my legs. Until the time in the train, I'd simply let it pass over my head.

Quest: Did you encourage him?

PA: I did buy two more sets of stockings, but it was almost a week before he noticed! It was a classic naughty situation. A bulb went in my office. I couldn't be bothered to wait for maintenance, so I climbed up on my desk, and changed it myself. But, very stupidly, I hadn't taken off my high heels, and started wobbling, just as Jack popped through from his office. Which gave him an excellent excuse to grab hold of my legs to steady me. Then, of course, he gasped, 'Good Lord! You're wearing suspenders!' By now his hands were halfway up my thighs, higher than was necessary, feeling very warm indeed. I didn't make him take them away — I was still putting in the bulb. But I suddenly had this rush of wetness to my pussy. I don't know if I wanted him go further, or it was just knowing he was gawping at the tops of my thighs.

Quest: Did he go further?

PA: No, he just helped me down. But I think we both knew something was going to happen. It still took another week, though.

Quest: Go on.

PA: There was genuinely a reason for me staying late. I must admit I had worn a suspender belt virtually every day since the light bulb incident — and let him know! We worked steadily until eight, though I could feel the tension rising.

Quest: He was presumably behind his desk?

PA: Or striding about. I sat on a chair in front — notebook on my crossed knees, very aware that he kept looking at my thighs, though my skirt wasn't indecently high. Then he decided he wanted a coffee. I offered to get one, but he insisted on going, and getting me one, too. I asked for a soft drink. He went off to the machine in the corridor, and managed to splash cordial over the edge of my skirt, genuinely by accident, I think. He immediately dropped onto his knees next to me, started scrubbing the carpet with his handkerchief, then the edge of my skirt, and the stocking below it.

Quest: Had you uncrossed your legs?

PA: I hadn't had time. Then I realised he was stroking rather than dabbing my thigh, and easing the hem of my skirt higher. So I smiled, and said, 'I'm only damp on my knee, Jack.' He looked up at me, and said very huskily, 'Are you sure, love?' As he said, it, I *was*! It was just like that rush I'd felt changing the light bulb. And I knew we were going to do it together.

Quest: What did you say to him?

PA: I told him he was getting a bit near the knuckle. He grinned, then, and said he'd planned on getting nearer something else. All the time he was stroking the nyloned sides of my thigh, easing my skirt higher. It actually felt very sexy indeed. Then he lifted my leg off my knee, and began stroking both thighs together, until my skirt was over my stocking tops. He didn't seem to be able to take his eyes off them. Then he looked up at me again, and said, straight-faced, 'I'm going to put my hand up your skirt now, Mrs Hargreaves (name changed).' My throat just dried up. I just said, 'That's very forward of you, Mr Burns (name changed).' I held my breath as his fingers disappeared under my hem, then almost twitched out my chair when they touched the front of my pants. It must have been luck rather than judgement, but he managed to hit my clitoris. Then he began to stroke me.

Quest: Through your knickers?

PA: Yes, kneeling in front of me. It would have looked absolutely disgusting to anyone walking in! Then, of course, it began to affect me quite seriously. I gasped, and reached for him. But he got up, told me to stay where I was, and went and locked the door. He came back, swivelled my chair against his desk, and knelt down again. Then he told me to open my legs. Meanwhile my heart was thumping. He reached forward, lifted up the gusset of my pants, so I could feel cool air on my pussy, bent down, and suddenly licked me. I nearly shot through the roof!

Quest: Didn't you enjoy oral sex?

PA: I'd hardly had any then. My ex had only done it to me about three times, and obviously didn't like it, even though he was keen enough on me sucking *him*. It always seemed one of the rudest things a couple could do, and having Jack *start* like that just boggled my mind, let alone my body! He obviously got a big kick out of it. After a minute or two, so did I! His tongue seemed to go everywhere, not just on my clit, but in my pussy, too. I ended up thrashing about on the chair, clutching at the desktop to keep upright, trying not to clamp my thighs over his head, and suffocate him! Then, my biggest surprise, I actually came — my ex hadn't given me a climax for nearly two years. It was incredible. Of course, after that, I was putty in Jack's hands, so he hadn't been entirely selfless.

Quest: You had intercourse?

PA: He got me to take off my knickers, and sit on the edge of his desk, while he took off his trousers and pants, Then he stood between my legs, lifting them up either side of him — I had to cling round his neck — and he slipped his penis into me, and he had me like that. I can't say it was comfortable, but it felt gorgeous — I didn't expect to come again so quickly, but I did.

Quest: How long did the relationship last?

PA: Until I left, about a month later. I must admit Jack got a bit too fond of doing it to me from behind, as I leaned over his desk, stroking my stockings at the same time. But as pure sex it was fabulous. It also did me a world of good.

Quest: Thank you.

> **'He stroked my thighs, the skirt rode over my stocking tops. I held my breath as his fingers slipped under the hem'**

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Male
Age. . . . 28 years
Town of Origin. . . .
Bristol
Other details. . . . This interviewee is assistant sales manager of a Midlands printing firm. He married three years ago and has a young child.

Quest: Would you say all women have exhibitionist tendencies?

Sales manager: I think most women like the idea of men admiring their bodies, and getting excited, but they don't admit it in case people think they're tarty, or mad to have sex with anyone. I've only met one girl who got an obvious sexual thrill out of showing herself off.

Quest: Who was this?

Sales manager: A girl I first knew when I was 18. She was the same age. Fairly short, brunette, sensuous, rather than a pretty face. Janice could look almost dumpy, but she had absolutely enormous tits, and an hourglass figure. What I call a fantasy body. And obviously very aware of the effect she had. She was the only girl we knew who seemed interested in sex for its own sake, without the lovey-dovey stuff you usually got. There were lots of stories about her.

Quest: For instance?

Sales manager: The *big* story was this sex demonstration she gave. Basically, a mate of mine and his mate were round Janice's house, in her bedroom, one Sunday when her parents were away. Janice was with her boyfriend, a fellow called Vince, who must have been about 20. I remember him as being pretty good-looking, but no brain of Britain. Apparently they'd been talking about sex — not unusual with Janice around — and she more or less told Vince all this chat was making her randy and she fancied a fuck. There and then.

Quest: In front of the guests?

Sales manager: In fact, she and Vince just started snogging on her bed. She got quite passionate, and made it obvious she wanted to go a lot further. So they got under the sheets.

Quest: Did they have sex?

Sales manager: According to my mate, there was enough fumbling and groaning, and Vince obviously got on top of her, and was bouncing up and down. My mate and his mate sat around, pretending to be normal about it. I can just imagine these two, very ordinary lads, sitting, scarlet-faced, knees crossed tight over thundering great erections, trying not to watch this big-titted bird being royally poked on the bed. My mate's mate actually shot his load in his pants at the climatic moment. My mate dug his nails into his hand, and didn't. But only because he thought she'd give someone else a go after Vince. She didn't. Afterwards, she just sat up, fumbled about under her sweater, and pulled her knickers up under her skirt. Then she went to the loo.

Quest: What was your reaction to that story?

Sales manager: Two, really. How could a girl with any self respect do that? And when can I have a go! But it was nearly six years later, and purely by chance, that I did.

Quest: How did it happen?

Sales manager: I literally ran into her in the street. I'd got a job in the Midlands when I was 20, and my parents had moved, so I'd hardly been back home for ages. But I had to go there on business. I'd just finished, late afternoon-ish, was walking to my car, and collided with this woman pushing a buggy, piled with shopping. Half of it went on the pavement. She blew her top — she could always be stroppy when she wanted. I got annoyed, then I realised who she was.

Quest: Did she recognise you?

Sales manager: Not at first. Then she said, 'Oh, yeah, Vince's friend.' and quietened down. I helped her pick up the shopping — there was a kiddie of about two in the buggy — and offered to give her a lift. So I ended up carrying the buggy and piles of shopping, up about five storeys of a tower block. I'm sure she only invited me in for a cuppa as a gesture — she was obviously tired — but I was curious, and, I suppose, it was the feeling of being alone with the fabulous Janice at last.

Quest: You thought you'd get your end away?

Sales manager: I'd always fancied her a lot. But I assumed there was a hubby. I was just about to get engaged, anyway. It all seemed quite safe.

Quest: But it wasn't?

Sales manager: She was a bit snappy at first. The kiddie wanted its tea, I was in the way. But I come from a big family, so I started giving a hand, which surprised her. I finished up helping get the kid to bed. By then it was obvious there wasn't a hubby. I got the feeling she was still sizing me up. She more or less said it was a treat having a man about the place. Most fellows didn't want to know when they found out about the kid. She'd only been married long enough to get pregnant, then hubby had scarpered.

Quest: Did you feel she was sexually frustrated?

Sales manager: Considering her past, I thought it was a fair guess. I didn't think she particularly fancied me. Then two things happened, which, thinking back, made it pretty obvious.

Quest: Go on.

Sales manager: The first was her album. The kiddie started crying. She went to calm it down, and was gone about ten minutes. I noticed a little shelf of books and magazines on the wall next to the sofa, so I went to see if there was something to flick through. I saw this plastic photo album among them. I suppose I shouldn't have done, but I picked it up. It was her wedding pictures, then some snaps from what looked like Spain, with Janice topless in a couple, which kept me interested. Then, all of a sudden, a page full of Janice bursting out of naughty lingerie, obviously taken in the lounge. Real sort of 'reader's wife' stuff — cuddling her boobs, one of her sitting in a chair, wearing a bra, but no knickers, with her legs apart, a big, brown pubic bush in between. Of course, she chose that moment to walk back in.

Quest: How did she react?

Sales manager: I flicked over the page quickly — there wasn't time to pretend I wasn't looking at the album. She was quite matter of fact, just sat beside me on the sofa, and said, 'They're a bit rude, some of those. My ex took them. Have a look, if you like.' So I turned back to the lingerie page. 'He had a thing about photography,' she said. 'Bit of a dirty bugger, too.' I turned another page. There were more of the same, only more so. A couple of her lying on a bed, fully nude; another one, leaning over at the end, with a big close-up of her bottom, fanny and hair in full view. 'I think some were a bit crude,' she said. So I went to turn the next page. I got a glimpse of some fellow's stiff prick, then she pushed the page flat, and snatched the album away. 'You don't want to see that,' she said.

Quest: How did you react?

Sales manager: I'd been getting gradually redder, not to mention uncomfortable in my pants — I really didn't want the album off my knees! But I asked her what was in the other pictures. She said, 'He used to fix up his camera so he could take pictures of us doing it. Told you he was a dirty bugger.' Then she glanced down, and said, 'I haven't embarrassed you, have I?' I panicked. I jumped up, said, 'Look, you must be starving. Why don't I get us a takeaway?' I was out the front door in about five seconds.

Quest: Did you intend to go back?

Sales manager: I just felt an idiot, going down the stairs, like my mate who'd watched her with Vince. I thought I couldn't go back. Then I saw a Chinese just down the road, so I went in, then looked for an off-licence. It must have been nearly three quarters of an hour before I got back. She opened the door in a dressing gown. 'I thought you'd gone,' she grinned. I said I'd done what I said I'd do, and showed her the takeaway. She shrugged, and said, 'I'm not really hungry, but I'll have a drink.' So I went back into the lounge, thinking I'd cocked everything up. Then she said, 'I thought the photos upset you.' So I cried out, 'Oh, no! I thought they were great. I mean, you've got a lovely body. I always thought you had.' That seemed to perk her up a bit. She got two glasses, we sat on the sofa, and had a drink. We weren't saying that much. Then I noticed her dressing gown was coming open at the front — it was only tied loosely with a cord.

Quest: What could you see?

> **'Her dressing gown came open and I saw the curve of a full boob and pink nipple. 'Am I flashing?' she asked'**

Sales manager: The curve of one boob, a very full boob, at that. Then she lifted her arm to drink, and I saw the nipple — quite small and pink for such a large breast, but it looked as if it was sticking up. She said, 'Am I flashing?' I said something like, 'Just a bit.' Then she looked me full in the face, and said, 'Well, it's not as if you haven't seen it before, is it?' That was it.

Quest: You made a pass?

Sales manager: I leaned over, and kissed her. She didn't respond that much at first, so I reached down, slid my hand inside her dressing gown, and closed it over one boob. It felt incredibly heavy and full. Then she pulled away, and said, 'Come on, I hate doing it on the floor.' She got up, led me through into her bedroom, turned on a bedside lamp, and just shrugged off her gown. She wasn't wearing anything underneath. She definitely wasn't slim, but everything was very lush indeed, down from a sensational pair of boobs to a thick, spreading bush. I just gawped. 'Well, get a move on, then,' she said. 'I haven't had a decent fuck in ages.' So I tore my clothes off. She didn't get into bed, just stood by the bed, watching me, until I'd got my underpants off. *I* was more self-conscious than she was. Then she turned to me, as I went over, and we kissed again, standing up. This time she was much more passionate than before, breathing in sharply, squeezing her great boobs against my chest.

VALERIE

'You may not have guessed,' says 27-year-old Valerie Dwyer, 'but I'm actuall a little nervous about doing this.' How could we have guessed — doesn't every girl turn up at the set four hours too early, come out for the first shots with her knickers back to front, and keep breaking off into fits of nervous giggling? Well no, not every girl does, but part of 34-22-34 inch Valerie's charm is the gentle coaxing she needed to relax and enjoy the set. 'I'm not one of the flaunt it brigade,' she says, 'I've never even gone topless on a beach before. Taking part here is actually quite a challenging experience.'

QUEST

Quest: Were you erect immediately?

Sales manager: I was by the time we came up for air! Then we sort of half fell, half climbed onto the bed. She was panting quite heavily, my hands were all over her boobs; she reached down between my legs, and stroked my cock. I started to lick her nipples, but she kept tugging at my cock. Then she said, 'Don't do that — just stick it in — I want to feel it in me —' I slipped my hand between her legs; she seemed scalding, so I got my leg over, and she more or less pulled me into her snatch. I just sank in, balls-deep. She gave this great moan, gasped, 'Oh *God*, I've missed this!' Then lifted her knees. I began to hump.

Quest: Without precautions?

Sales manager: Not from me, which was stupid, but I just wanted my first time with her to be the real thing. I did actually get up onto my toes, and was rocking backwards and forwards on her crotch. I remember, grunting, and looking down at her great boobs bouncing about, thinking, 'I'm finally fucking Janice! I'm finally fucking Janice!' But I shouldn't have looked. My balls boiled over, and I was suddenly spunking on all cylinders. She moaned, and clamped her thighs round me, but I don't know if she came. She was keen enough to have another go about fifteen minutes later. We did it doggy fashion, then, and she came off quite spectacularly. Then the kiddie woke up. That put a stop to it all. I left.

Quest: Did you see her again?

Sales manager: Six weeks later, I rang her, but she wasn't keen. She saw me as a pleasant, one-off poke. But I've never forgotten her.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name . . . . Withheld

Sex . . . . Female

Age . . . . 23 years

Town of Origin . . . .
Glasgow

Other details . . . . This attractive, dark-haired interviewee took a law degree at university and is currently studying to be a barrister. She shares a flat with her boyfriend.

Quest: Why do you call yourself a closet exhibitionist?

Student: I think it's true. I have a sneaking admiration for the girls who appear in your magazine — not that I could ever get away with it in my profession! But there's an enormous sense of freedom in being that — that *rude!*

Quest: Have you ever acted like that in reality?

Student: I've been seriously over the top once, but I'd had too much to drink.

Quest: How did this happen?

Student: In my last year at university I was living with someone. Then we broke up. I went off the rails for a while. I slept with a lot of people — five or six in as many months. There'd only been one before the man I lived with. I think it brought out a side of me I didn't know I had. One day I made love in front of someone I did care quite a lot for.

Quest: You mean you had intercourse?

Student: I actually had a climax. What disgusted me most afterwards was realising it had happened *because* my boyfriend could see me. I didn't care about the man I did it with at all.

Quest: Who was this?

Student: An Italian student, staying in the same tenement for a couple of months. I passed him regularly on the stairs. He was always very friendly. His English wasn't up to much. But it didn't need to be. He was very good-looking.

Quest: You fancied him?

Student: He was physically very attractive, but I had a regular boyfriend, Douglas. He was actually very nice — much nicer than I deserved! I always felt he was slightly in awe of me. Ian, the man I'd lived with, had basically been a sod. He was older than me, separated, though I found out he was still screwing his wife, *and* a girlfriend of mine. When we broke up I decided I was going to behave the same way.

Quest: How did you get off with your Italian?

Student: At a party in the flat where he was staying. They were art students, more Dougie's friends than mine. He was two years younger than me. It was quite a wild party, actually.

Quest: In what way?

Student: Lots of booze, and a girl running about without her top on.

Quest: Exposing her breasts?

Student: First she took her tee-shirt off. I'd noticed her because she was a very pretty girl — small and blonde and bubbly. Then I spotted her laughing with some fellows in the kitchen, and she just had her jeans, and a white, M and S bra on. About ten minutes later we heard shrieking. One of the guys she'd been talking to chased her into the living room, and grabbed hold of her. We were talking to Sergio, the Italian, and this girl's boobs suddenly burst out, virtually in front of us. The fellow chasing her looked as astonished as we did. She was laughing hysterically, and was obviously pretty far gone, but she didn't make any special efforts to cover herself up. I saw her later, dancing with someone else, in the room where they had the music. The lights were right down, but she was still topless, boobs bobbing about all over the place, quite unfussed about it. I must admit, if my boobs were that size, *I* wouldn't fling them about that much!

Quest: What was your Italian's reaction?

Student: He was pole-axed. Apparently this was his first Scottish party. I think he assumed it was normal for girls to start stripping off. I'm sure he only asked me to dance, so he could get a closer look at the blonde.

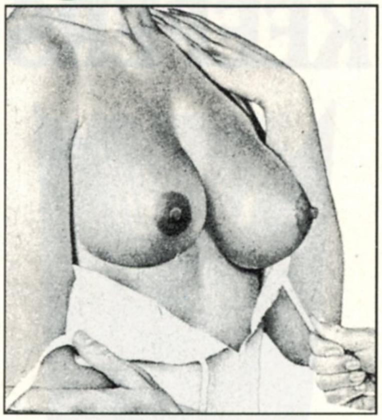
Quest: Did that annoy you?

Student: I asked him if he liked girls with large breasts. He said 'Oh no, all kinds, all girls.' I'm sure he wondered if I was going to take off my blouse, and show him an alternative, but it got his attention. In fact, we went on to have the most unbelievably randy conversation — whether he intended it, or not, I don't know.

Quest: How do you mean?

Student: I asked him about girlfriends. It seemed he'd been engaged, but the girl had broken it off, just before he left Italy. Apparently they'd had physical problems. I thought he was saying he

QUEST



recounting real life
sexual experiences

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QUEST

was too tall for her — he was a good six foot. In fact, he meant that he'd been too well endowed, and intercourse was too uncomfortable for her. Meanwhile, I was happily telling him how I preferred big men, and it was no problem for me! No wonder he thought his luck was in! I wasn't particularly aware of being very amorous — but Dougie obviously wasn't impressed. He kept coming over to us, saying it was time to leave. I told him I was busy. Then, of course, he just drank himself stupid, and we had to drag him downstairs to my flat. He also managed to be sick on the stairs — not badly, but enough to mess up the sleeve of my blouse. I did feel guilty — Dougie and I spent every weekend together.

Quest: Had you decided to have sex with him?

Student: I remember thinking, 'Why not? You're not married to Dougie.' Then I thought, 'Well, it's up to Sergio, not me, anyway.' We got Dougie as far as the sofa in my living room. He just slumped, and started snoring. When I was sure he wasn't going to be sick again, I told Sergio to wait a minute, then I'd make us some coffee in the kitchen. I went into my bedroom, which opened onto the living room. I didn't bother to put the light on, just started unbuttoning my blouse. Then I realised Sergio had followed me in. He said, 'We have coffee later. I have a better idea.' Then he turned and kissed me.

Quest: Did you respond?

Student: It's what I'd been waiting for him to do. We sat down on the bed, then be began undoing his shirt. He plucked at my blouse, and said, 'You will too? We take our clothes off, OK?'

Quest: What did you say?

Student: I said, 'Do you want to make love to me, then?' I felt him nod. 'I want to make love very much.' Then he said, 'You worry about your friend?' I shook my head. I saw his grin. 'We make love very quiet. He won't wake up.' Then he began tugging my blouse over my head. I knelt on the edge of the bed to make it easier for him. He reached up, and lifted me, almost bodily, down onto the pillow next to him, and started undressing me. I hardly did a thing, except show him how my bra catch worked, and lift my bottom when he peeled my knickers down. It was wonderful. Then he sat up to pull off his bottom half. I slipped under the duvet, but, when he turned back, he yanked it off again. 'I want to see you,' he said. 'I want to see a beautiful Scottish girl's body.' Which was nice! Then he leaned down over me, we kissed, and our bodies touched. His mouth moved down onto my breasts, and he was cupping them and squeezing them, kissing my nipples, all the time keeping up these little gasps of Italian, which might have been. 'Cor! What knockers!' for all I knew, but sounded marvellous. Then his hand moved down between my legs, and fingered me, and I was obviously very wet. So I felt him, too.

Quest: Was he so well endowed?

Student: *I* thought he was pretty enormous, but what surprised me was *his* reaction. I don't think the nice Italian girls he'd known had made a habit of touching his penis. He just rolled onto his back, and started gasping. I began stroking him, asking him if he liked that. He was moaning away in Italian, then his eyes blinked up at me in the dimness. 'You like to do this with your mouth? Will you do this for me, please?'

Quest: Did you have any objection to oral sex?

Student: I'm not mad keen on swallowing. But he seemed so wonderstruck, I just smiled, shuffled down between his legs, and put my lips very carefully over the tip of his penis. I didn't really suck him, just licked very gently round the sides. I felt him twitch a couple of times, and paused. But he was breathing louder, and louder, and moaning in Italian. Then he suddenly clutched at me, and started pulling me down. 'Now,' he was gasping. 'We make love the right way. I must have you!' I just hissed, 'Yes — put it in me, Sergio — have me — fuck me — fuck me!' I leaned forward onto his chest, and his penis just seemed to slot into my opening, and slide up inside me. The sensation was unbelievable. He felt very big indeed. At first I didn't have any breath, I just sprawled on him, and he was doing all the work, jerking himself between my cheeks. Then I managed to sit up, and he seemed to go in much deeper. Slowly at first, then settling into a regular rhythm. I was quite surprised.

Quest: Why?

Student: He'd seemed so excited I'd expected him to explode straight away. I'd been prepared to have *my* explosion then. To be honest, most men I'd slept with up to then, did explode straight away! But then Sergio grinned up at me, and said, 'Now we make love all night!' He obviously meant it! That's when I began to sympathise with his ex-fiancee.

Quest: You were worried by his size?

Student: The *idea* of something enormous exploding inside you is very nice. But to have it actually pound away at you for hours —! I *wasn't* particularly uncomfortable, but just the thought of it was enough to put me off my stroke. I can't really explain it. It just happens like that sometimes — not too often, thank God! I sort of lost the mood. One second I wanted him madly, the next I was thinking. 'Oh God, why doesn't he finish!' That's when I thought of Dougie.

Quest: In what way?

Student: In our mad rush to get into bed, I just hadn't noticed Sergio had left the door open. So, as I bounced up and down on him, I suddenly realised I could see the bottom half of Dougie's body, sprawled on the sofa about ten or twelve feet away. He was so close that, if he'd been conscious, he'd have heard everything, every gasp, every sigh, even the sound Sergio's big thing made pumping in and out of me. If he'd just lifted his head, he could have *seen* me, bobbing about, naked and gasping, on top of it.

Quest: That idea excited you?

Student: It was like a splash of cold water in my face. It was just so disgusting, so over the top, so *rude*! It swept over me in a great rush of feeling. Sergio noticed the change in me, too. He cried, 'Oh yes! Oh yes! Come for me!' Then I moaned as it started. Sergio cried out loud in Italian. I felt his whole shaft twitch inside me, as he came, and I boiled over on top of him.

Quest: Did Dougie not react at all?

Student: I heard movements in the living room, looked up, and nearly had a heart attack! Dougie had gone. Then the front door slammed.

Quest: So he had overheard you?

Student: When I gave it two seconds thought, I realised he'd had to have been virtually dead *not* to have heard from that distance. I felt awful, especially when I thought how I'd used him.

Quest: Did the relationship end?

Student: Oh yes. I deserved it. But it did wake me up to the way I'd been behaving, and show me a side of myself I hadn't known about.

Quest: Thank you.

What tempted her into sharing her charms with *Mayfair* then? 'I don't know really,' she confesses, 'I suppose it was finding my first, admittedly very small, wrinkle. I suddenly thought "God, you're not getting any younger girl!" I decided it would be nice to preserve my looks in some way, so they'd always be there as testament to my youth. On the spur of the moment I wrote to you, enclosing a couple of old holiday snaps of me in a bikini. It took me

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME . . .

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

After his death, Henry's widow of forty years decided to counter her loneliness by going to a seance and contacting her dead husband. Luckily she got through straightaway, and asked what the afterlife was like.
'Not too bad,' said Henry. 'Let me give you a typical week. Monday, I get up, go for a swim, have sex, go for another swim.
'Tuesday, I get up, go for a swim, have sex, go for another swim.
'Wednesday is different. I get up, have sex, then go for a longer swim.'
'Hang on,' his widow interrupted. 'You never did anything like that when you were living with me.'
'Ah,' said Henry, 'I wasn't a bloody duck then.'

An Irishman died and went to Heaven where he was immediately confronted by St Peter at the gate.
'Now tell me, son, what did you do when you were down on Earth?' St Peter asked, jangling his keys.
'I was a member of the IRA,' came the reply.
'Well there's no point in trying to get in here,' said St Peter angrily.
'I'm not trying to get in,' said the Irishman. 'I'm giving you all five minutes to get out.'

A wife-swopping party was in full swing in Esher when a flying saucer landed in the garden outside, and a Martian couple stepped out.
Since they looked exactly like human beings — and rather attractive ones at that — the host and hostess invited them to join in the fun. The host took the female in to the downstairs bedroom, while the hostess went upstairs with the male.
To her delight, the Martian proved an enthusiastic and inventive lover, and they were soon humping merrily. Then the Martian stopped, and asked the woman to twist his left ear. Intrigued, she did, and immediately felt him lengthen inside her. He then asked her to twist his right ear. His penis widened at once.
After a night of unearthly bliss, the hostess staggered downstairs, and joined her husband on the lawn as the Martians departed.
'Well, if that's how Martians make love,' the woman breathed, 'I'll have a close encounter any day!'
'Speak for yourself,' sniffed her husband. 'All mine did was lie there and wiggle my ears.'

Police stopped a Porsche doing 100 mph through town, and found a statuesque blonde at the wheel, reeking of whisky.
'You've had a few stiff ones recently, haven't you, love?' said the constable studying her breathalyser results.
'Good heavens,' the blonde hiccupped, 'can you tell that, too?'

Little Alan came home from school early one day and surprised his parents in the middle of an afternoon quickie.
'Oh, Dad,' the youngster pleaded, 'can I get on your back and have a ride? Can I? Can I?'
'Ah, well, I suppose it would be alright,' said the embarrassed father.
The boy climbed on board and was enjoying his ride when his mother began to moan louder and louder.
'Hang on tight, Dad,' Alan warned.' 'This is where the milkman always gets bucked off.'

The small, bespectacled lorry driver parked his container truck outside a greasy spoon, walked in and ordered a fry up. Just as it was served, three muscular Hell's Angels burst in, picked up the driver's meal and took it to another table, where they proceeded to share it amongst themselves.
The driver got up, paid his bill and left without a word.
'What a coward, eh?' one of the Angels grinned at the woman behind the counter. 'Or perhaps he was just too blind to see he was being ripped off.'
'Probably too blind,' said the woman. 'He's just run over three motorcyles.'

A curvy young maid fell from grace
When her corsets grew too tight to lace.
Her mother said, 'Nelly,
There's more in your belly
Then you ever put in through your face!'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Invididual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

two weeks to pluck up the courage to post it though,' she laughs. For our part, a brief glimpse of Miss Dwyer's finer points was enough to convince us, and a photographer was despatched post-haste to slap a preservation order on this fine piece of national heritage. The set was shot in the comfort of Miss Dwyer's own home in Bath, where she works as a teacher. 'Art is my subject, and,' she proclaims proudly, 'I quite enjoy it most of the time.'

When not teaching, Valerie is a keen swimmer. 'The thing that most attracted me to Bath,' says this Cardiff girl, 'was the thought of being close to those lovely old spas, and being able to bathe in them like the Romans did. I was pretty upset when I went off, and found they'd been closed for 10 years! Now I hear they are planning to re-open them in April. I'll be one of the first in!' No doubt it'll be standing room only when Valerie takes the plunge. The other plunge Miss Dwyer is hoping to take is the big one. 'It's time I got married,' she says, 'but I've no-one in mind yet.'

KATERINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HUBERT TOYOT

'Please no second names,' insists Katerina, a dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty, whose accent hints at Eastern European origins. A veritable mystery woman is Katerina, turning up at the office late one Friday afternoon, clutching a flight case and a polaroid of herself in the nude. 'I want to make pictures,' she said. Fortunately our man Toyot was standing by with a spare roll of film in his camera, and was able to snap this set, before Katerina departed in a quickly hailed cab. From the little we could gather this statuesque Iron Curtain cutie (she stands at five foot nine in stockinged feet) was of Rumanian birth and here on a temporary visa.

'I am only here on a flying visit,' she explained, 'then I must leave. I wonder if I will ever get the chance to return to your country again.' For a moment Katerina's air of mystery gives way to wistfulness, allowing you to see a totally different side of her. 'In my country I sometimes feel so repressed I could scream. It is good to come over here, and really let myself go. Never could I do this outrageous kind of thing at home.' And so saying, this 35-23-35 enigmatic young lady vanished into the night leaving us wanting more.

KEIKO

It is strange to find a girl like this coming from a country renowned for its miniaturised components, but such is the case of Japanese-born Keiko Sato. The face is typically that of the inscrutable oriental — but the full figure of this 23-year-old Japanese girl (measuring a remarkable 36D-24-34) is distinctly Western, or even super-Western. 'I suppose I've always been a little unusual,' says Keiko, who was born in Osaka, but now lives in Wimbledon. 'When I was at school it became very obvious that I was built differently to most Japanese girls. I actually got teased quite a lot as a child, mostly by the boys.'

Once the teasing stopped, Keiko's remarkable curves made her a very hot item among Japanese men. 'Many thought I would be the perfect wife,' she says, 'but I knew I wouldn't be happy just being the stay-at-home wife of some budding young executive. I wanted to be my own woman.' It's obviously not just her voluptuous figure that makes Keiko stand out among Japanese women — her self-confidence and ambition are also remarkable. 'When I was 22 I decided to come to England to perfect my English, and I have been studying by night, and au pairing by day to make my way ever since,' she says. Ideally, Keiko would like to stay in the UK, and go to secretarial college next year. However her family want her to return to Japan. 'It is not good for a Japanese girl to be alone, my father thinks. Little does he know about this,' she laughs.